

THE
SATIRES
OF
PERSIUS.

TRANSLATED BY
WILLIAM DRUMMOND, ESQ. M. P.



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PREFACE.

IN offering to the Public a new English version of Persius, my object has rather been to express his meaning clearly, than either to translate his words literally, or to copy his manner servilely. The sentiments of this satirist are indeed admirable, and deserve to be better known than they are; but his poetry cannot be praised for its elegance, nor his language for its urbanity. It is one thing, to esteem the excellent sense of an author, and another, to propose his style as a model of imitation.

The defects of Persius, considered with respect to composition, cannot perhaps be easily defended. Even Casaubon, his fondest admirer, and most successful interpreter, admits that his style is obscure. If, however, any apology can be made for

this first sin against good writing, it is in the case of a satirist, and above all, of a satirist who dared to reprobate the crimes, and to ridicule the follies of a tyrant. If Persius be obscure, let it be remembered, he lived in the time of Nero.

But it has been remarked, that this author is not obscure, only when he lashes and exposes the Roman emperor. It was very well, it has been said, to employ hints, and to speak in half sentences, while he censured the vices of a cruel and luxurious despot ; but there could be no occasion for enveloping himself in obscurity, while he expounded the doctrines of the Stoics to his friend Cornutus, or expatiated to the poet Bassus on the true use of riches.

But those who blame Persius for his obscurity, ought to reflect, that of all the various kinds of poetry satire is that which loses most, by being read at a period very distant from the time of its composition. Just observations upon men and manners will indeed be esteemed in every age, when taste and literature flourish ; and well described characters will always interest readers of

judgment and feeling. But it is not the nature of satire to dwell upon general topics, without allusion to existing circumstances, or without reference to particular, and even familiar, examples.

But it may be asked, if vice and folly would not be exposed with perhaps greater effect by the delineation of fictitious characters, and by general observations upon manners, than by dwelling upon the absurdity of a temporary fashion, or upon the guilt or weakness of an obscure individual. To this question the satirist may justly reply, that his aim is not only to censure vice, but to punish those who practice it. If example teach at all, it teaches most where it applies best. The principle upon which punishment is justly inflicted, is for the sake of example; and the punishment, which we dread because it may be ours, seems terrible even when it falls upon others. General and abstract reasoning upon virtue and morality, may delight the wise and the good; but it rarely corrects the foolish, or reforms the profligate.

As the moralist treats generally of virtue and of

wisdom, of the influence of reason, and of the subordination of the passions ; so the satirist remarks and censures those private and individual deviations from good sense or good conduct, which it does not fall within the province of the moralist to observe. The moralist displays the variety of the human character, as it exists in all ages and nations ; the satirist marks its shades and its defects in particular instances.

While, therefore, I fully admit the charge of obscurity, which has been brought against Persius, I cannot allow to it that weight, which it would have in most other cases. Indeed, we may as well complain of the rust on an ancient coin, as of the obscurity of an ancient satire. Nature, it is true, always holds up the same mirror, but prejudice, habit, and education, are continually changing the appearance of the objects seen in it.

The objections which have been made to my Author in some other respects, are more difficult to answer. His unpolished verses, his coarse comparisons, and his ungraceful transitions from one subject to another, manifest, it is said, either

his contempt or his ignorance of elegant composition.

It cannot, indeed, be contended, that Persius displays the politeness of Horace, or that he shows himself an adept in the *callida junctura*. His poetry is a strong and rapid torrent, which pours in its infracted course over rocks and precipices, and which occasionally, like the waters of the Rhone, disappears from the view, and loses itself under ground.

But although some critics have been thus far justly severe upon Persius, is it possible that they should be so much prejudiced against him, by the imperfections of his style, as to deny that this excellent satirist possessed energy, acuteness, and spirit? because his language is rude, is not his bold and manly sense to be admired? What mind is so fastidious as to condemn just observations, and sound and wise reflections, because they are not expressed in the most elegant manner. The ancients, who must have seen the defects of Persius better than we can do, nevertheless admired him. All the philosophers and poets of his time seem to

have esteemed him; and the best critic, and the wittiest epigrammatist of antiquity, were among the number of those who celebrated him. And then comes the elder Scaliger, with all his offensive pedantry, to inform us that Persius was silly and dull. But Quintilian would not have praised a silly writer, nor would Martial have admired a dull one.

As the translator of Persius, I have sometimes thought it necessary to polish his language. Even Dryden found the expressions of this Author too much forced to be literally translated; and he observes, with more truth than delicacy, that his verses are scabrous and hobbling.

What Dryden judged too rude for imitation, the critics of the present day will probably think I have been prudent in not copying. I have generally, therefore, followed the outlines; but I have seldom ventured to employ the colouring of Persius. Where the coarse metaphor, or the extravagant hyperbole debases, or obscures the sense in the original, I have changed, or even omitted it; where the idiom of the English language required

it, I have thought myself justified, in abandoning the literal sense of my Author ; and lastly, where the bold hand of the Roman satirist has torn the veil, which ought perhaps for ever to have concealed from mankind the monstrous and unnatural crimes of Nero, I have turned the attention of my readers to reflections less disagreeable, and to objects less disgusting.

Some, I know, there are who think that in translation not a thought of the author should be lost, and not one added to him. Such readers I shall not often please. But I must observe, that of all kinds of poetry satire is the most difficult to translate with fidelity, and yet with elegance. 'The epic, the tragic, or the lyric poet, speaks to the heart, or to the imagination ; and his ideas may be expressed in almost every tongue. What language but can convey the sublime, paint the beautiful, or express the pathetic !

Not only works of taste and imagination, but even philosophic and didactic poems are more easily translated than satiric compositions. We can always follow, though we may not always

allow the reasoning of Lucretius; and it would perhaps be an easier task to translate well the Art of Poetry of Horace, than to preserve the grace, the spirit, and the elegance of the original, in rendering many of his satires.

Dryden observes, in apology for the style of Persius, that when he wrote, the Latin language was more corrupted than in the time of Juvenal, and consequently of Horace. But ought not Dryden to have known that Persius wrote before Juvenal? Besides, it cannot be supposed that the Latin language had lost very much of its purity in the time of either of these poets. Persius was born about eighteen years after the death of Augustus Cæsar; and Juvenal began to flourish about eighty years after the same period. But the silver age of Roman eloquence was remarkable, rather for the decline of taste, than for the corruption of language. The fault seems to have been fastidious delicacy; for refinement, when it becomes excessive, is not less hurtful to good writing, than the very coarseness and rudeness which it would avoid. Quintilian, indeed, complains, that barbarisms were

gaining ground; and in some degree authorizes Dryden's observation, by remarking that Persius had employed one word without much attention to the purity of its Latinity. But it is well known, that new expressions had been frequently employed by the best Latin authors. Cicero introduced many words from the Greek, in his philosophical works, which are models of eloquence. Horace, the purest of the Roman poets, contends for the admission of new words. Virgil employs several words in a sense peculiar to himself, as is remarked by Aurelius Victor. The Latinity of Livy has not escaped without censure; and though his style is better, his language is not purer than that of Tacitus. This last admirable writer offends only by the affected conciseness of his manner, which does not possess the simplicity required in history. Even Seneca himself, amidst the glare of his false eloquence, is guilty of incorrectness in taste, rather than of impurity in language. True indeed it is, that when taste is corrupted, language generally declines; but it is not the want of refinement, which can be imputed as a

fault to most of the authors, who wrote immediately subsequent to the Augustan age.

A learned critic contends, that Persius brought satiric poetry to perfection, inasmuch as he was the first who treated only of one subject in each of his satires. Unity of subject, adds he, is as essential to satire, as unity of fable to tragedy.

I am doubtful if this be either true with respect to fact, or just with respect to criticism. Horace certainly does not violate the unity of subject, for example, in his first satire; and Persius can hardly be said to have preserved it in his sixth. In the fifth likewise, the most excellent of his satires, Persius cannot claim much praise for preserving the unity of subject, as he commences with some severe strictures upon bombast poets, and concludes with a dissertation upon liberty, as it was understood by the Stoics.

But is this critic right, in thinking that unity of subject is conformable to the nature, or consistent with the original plan of satire? Let us very briefly retrace the history of this species of poetry, and afterwards examine the justice of this opinion.

During the early ages of Rome the Fescennine verses, and the songs of the Salii, were probably the only poetical compositions known to the Romans. The Fescennine verses were generally sung, or recited, at the annual celebration of the feast of Saturn, and upon other occasions of public rejoicing.

But the Tuscans were at this time the most esteemed for their poetical productions of any people of Italy; and the Romans having instituted scenic representations, in order to appease the anger of the gods after a pestilence, hired some players from Tuscany, to assist at these exhibitions. As the language of the Tuscans was not understood at Rome, they confined themselves to pantomime, and by their looks and gestures, full of expression, spoke to the heart and to the passions, with the energy of a thousand tongues.

The Romans soon caught the art, which they admired. In the year 514 of Rome, Livius Andronicus performed several pieces of his own, and added the interest of dialogue to the graces of action. Previous to this æra, the poems recited in

public were known by the name of *Satiræ*. Many disputes have arisen on the derivation of this word. According to Diomedes the grammarian, it may be derived, either à *Satyris*, because it abounds with immodest and ridiculous things, such as might be said and done by those representing satyrs on the stage; or from *satura lanx*, a full dish, in which the various first fruits of the year were anciently offered to the gods.

If satire be entirely a Roman poem, as is asserted both by Horace and Quintilian; the latter is evidently the juster derivation. It is then perhaps only necessary to admit this fact, to be convinced that satire was originally considered as a mixed and motley kind of composition—an olla, in which subjects were introduced with little attention to order or method.

If, indeed, arrangement or regularity had been thought essential to this species of composition, Horace would not have shewn himself so deficient in that lucid order which he recommends in his Art of Poetry. But the truth was, that he considered variety as essential to satire. The dish was not

only to be full of fruit, but was to contain all kinds.

Et sermone opus est, modo tristi sæpe jocosus,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ:
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto. Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius plerumque secatur. HOR.

But even if it should appear that satire was of Greek, or rather of Sicilian origin, still the earliest of the Roman satirists seem to have thought, that unity of subject was by no means consistent with the nature of the poetry which they wrote. Had not this been the case, they would not have preferred the old Greek comedy to the new. Menander would have been their model, and not Aristophanes.

It is partly from considering with attention the ancient satires which still remain; and partly from investigating with accuracy the history of satiric poetry, that we shall be best enabled to form a just judgment with respect to it. If I were to offer my opinion, I should say, that I believe satire admits not less variety in style, than in subject.

Sometimes dramatic, sometimes epistolary, it is confined neither in manner nor in matter. Now it is familiar, now it is dictatorial; now it speaks the easy language of elegant comedy, now it assumes the more serious tone of tragic declamation. With Horace, it is witty, instructive, ironical; with Persius, it is concise, learned, and ardent; with Juvenal, it is diffuse, eloquent, and unrelentingly severe.

In the comparison which Dryden has drawn between these masters, I cannot think he has shewn his judgment to be very accurate, or his taste to be very correct. The whole, indeed, of his admirable preface to Juvenal, displays his fine bold genius, but is not remarkable for depth, or for accuracy of knowledge. I cannot think that Horace is a less pleasing satirist than Juvenal. On the contrary, the delight which I receive from the latter is generally mixed with a considerable portion of pain,—that pain too not excited by ideal miseries, not created by imaginary woes—but resulting from the contemplation of real horrors, of existing crimes, and of practiced atrocities. Juvenal

conducts his reader through no illusory scenes. It is to human life that he directs the attention.—It is there he points out a thousand causes for mournful reflection—it is there he exhibits enough, more than enough, to rouse the indignation of the moralist, and to excite the spleen of the satirist. Every vice that can blacken, and every weakness that can degrade our nature, are held forth to execration in his terrible page. But the philanthropist looks in vain for some extenuating word, some relenting expression, some exculpatory clause, which might indicate that mankind in general are not the slaves of vile passions, the perpetrators of detestable vices, the dupes or the agents of villainy. The pictures drawn by the vigorous and masterly hand of Juvenal may justly claim our admiration; but surely little delight can be felt in learning, even from him, the monstrous depravity of which humanity has been but too often found susceptible.

Horace seems to have studied the effects of light and shade in his pictures, with more attention than his rival; and he has happily combined the broad humour of the old Greek comedy with the elegance

of the new. I think, in comparing him even with Juvenal, we may say, *multo est tersior, ac purus magis Horatius, et ad notanda hominum mores præcipuus.*

The defect of Juvenal seems to be, that his tone is too generally, I had almost said invariably, grave. The Romans understood by satire a more mixed kind of composition than this poet (excellent as he certainly is), seems to have attempted. We are surprised at the high strain of invective, at the magnificent verses, at the sounding eloquence, which we find in almost every page of a book, denominated by its author, a *farrago libelli*.

It will scarcely be urged in favour of Juvenal, that when he does not soar upon his eagle pinions, his flight is often directed where the eye of taste cannot wish to follow it. In his sixth, the wittiest of all his satires, his scurrility, and his obscenity, have little—perhaps no pretensions to humour.

In comparing the three great satirists of antiquity, I am inclined to give the first place to Horace, the second to Juvenal, and the third to Persius. Horace is the most agreeable and the most

THE
SIX SATIRES
OF
PERSIUS.

PROLOGUS.

Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino :
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic Poëta prodirem.
Heliconiadasque, pallidamque Pyrenen
Illis remitto, quorum imagines lambunt
Hederæ sequaces : ipse semipaganus
Ad sacra vatum carmen affero nostrum.
Quis expedivit psittaco suum χαῖρε,
Picasque docuit nostra verba conari
Magister artis, ingeniique largitor
Venter, negatas artifex sequi voces.
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Corvos poëtas, et poëtrias picas
Cantare credas Pegaseium melos.

PROLOGUE.

NE'ER did I taste Castalia's stream ;
Nor yet on fork'd Parnassus dream,
That I should feel a poet's fire,
Or blow the lute, or string the lyre.
I leave the Muse's magic ground
To bards profess'd, with laurel crown'd.
The gift I offer to the Nine,
A rustic wreath, to grace their shrine.
What taught the parrot to cry, hail ?
What taught the chattering pie his tale ?
Hunger ; that sharpener of the wits,
Which gives e'en fools some thinking fits.
Did rooks and pies but know the pleasure
Of heaping high a golden treasure ;
And would their music money bring,
Even rooks and pies would shortly sing.



THE
SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE I.

SATIRA I.

V. 1—10.

O CURAS hominum! ô quantum est in rebus inane!
Quis leget hæc, min' tu istud ais, nemo Hercule, nemo?
Vel duo, vel nemo, turpe et miserabile, quare?
Ne mihi Polydamas, et Troiades Labeonem
Prætulerint, nugæ, non, si quid turbida Roma
Eleuet, accedas: examenve improbum in illa
Castiges trutina: nec te quæsiveris extra.
Nam Romæ est quis non? ac, si fas dicere: sed fas
Tunc, cum ad canitiem, et nostrum istud vivere triste
Aspexi, et nucibus facimus quæcunque relictis,

SATIRE I.

PERSIUS AND MONITOR.

VERSE I—20.

PERSIUS.

UNHAPPY men lead lives of care and pain,
Their joys how fleeting, and their hopes how vain!
M. But who will read a satire so begun?
P. What this to me—this?—*M.* Faith, I'll tell you, none.
P. None, do you say? *M.* Why, yes, perhaps a few;
But still the number will dishonour you.
P. Lest a lewd prince and his abandon'd throng
Bestow the laurel on a minion's song;
And must we then reserve the sacred bays
For those whom Rome's worst profligates shall praise?
Rely not always on the general voice;
Nor place all merit in the people's choice;
Let your own eyes be those with which you see;
Nor seek in others, what yourself should be.
For who at Rome does not?—Dare I speak plain?
I dare, I must,—to check my rage were vain.
My spleen o'erflows, I sicken to behold
A guilty world, in error growing old;
Each stage of life mark'd by its empty joys,
The infant and the man exchanging toys;

Cum sapimus patruos : tunc, tunc, ignoscite. Nolo :
Quid faciam ? sed sum petulanti splene cachinno.
Scribimus inclusi, numeros ille, hic pede liber,
Grande aliquid, quod pulmo animæ prælargus anhelet.
Scilicet hæc populo, pexusque togaque recenti,
Et natalitia tandem cum sardonyche albus,
Sede leges celsa, liquido cum plasmate guttur
Mobile conlueris, patranti fractus oculo.
Heic, neque more probo videas, neque voce serena,
Ingentes trepidare Titos, cum carmina Iūbum
Intrant, et tremulo scalpuntur ubi intima versu.
Tun' vetule auriculis alienis colligis escas ?
Auriculis, quibus et dicas cute perditus, ohe.
Quò didicisse, nisi hoc fermentum, et quæ semel intus
Innata est, rupto jecore exierit caprificus ?
En pallor, seniumque. ô mores ! usque adeone

Triumphant vice and folly bearing sway,
With doting age and vanity grown grey.

M. But imitate the rest. See, they compose,
In secret, polish'd verse, and sounding prose.

P. Until, at length, demanded by the crowd,
The turgid nonsense be rehearsed aloud,
See, at the desk the pale declaimer stand;

The ruby beaming on his lily hand;
Behind his back his wanton tresses flow;

With Tyrian dyes his splendid garments glow;

His pliant throat the liquid gargle clears;

His languid eye lasciviously leers;

The voice accords with the luxurious mien,

The look immodest, with the tongue obscene:

Around him close the splendid circle draws,

Loud is the laugh, tumultuous the applause;

And Rome's first nobles, vanquish'd by his lyre,

Tremble with lusts which his lewd lays inspire.

And you, old dotard, do you waste your days,

That fools, at length, may surfeit you with praise?

Old M. "What, shall we live despised, without a name,

"Callous to glory, and unknown to fame?

"As the wild fig-tree walls and columns cleaves,

"And clads the ruin with its mantling leaves;

"So all restraint indignant genius scorns,

"Luxuriant spreads, and as it spreads adorns."

P. Lo, what decrepid age for fame endures!

Lo, the pale victim whom her voice allures!

No ray of health illumines your languid eye,

And on your cheek youth's faded roses die.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter ?
 At pulchrum est digito monstrari, et dicier, hic est.
 Ten' cirratorum centum dictata fuisse
 Pro nihilo pendas ? ecce inter pocula quærunt
 Romulidæ saturi, quid dia poëmata narrent.
 Heic aliquis, cui circum humeros hyacinthina læna est,
 Rancidulum quiddam balba de nare locutus,
 Phyllidas, Hypsipylas, vatum et plorabile si quid,
 Eliquat ; et tenero supplantat verba palato.
 Assensere viri : nunc non cinis ille poëtæ
 Felix ? non levior cippus non imprimit ossa ?
 Laudant convivæ : nunc non è manibus illis,
 Nunc non è tumulto, fortunataque favilla,
 Nascentur violæ ? rides, ait, et nimis uncis
 Naribus indulges : an erit qui velle recuset
 Os populi meruisse : et cedro digna locutus,
 Linquere nec scombros metuentia carmina, nec thus ?
 Quisquis es, ô modo quem ex adverso dicere feci,
 Non ego, cum scribo, si fortè quid aptius exit,

Yet you, O times! O manners! toil for fame,
 And value knowledge only for its name.
Old M. "But still, 'tis fine to be admired and known,
 "To gazing strangers by the finger shown."
P. Truly 'tis fine, that fools extol your art,
 That lisping schoolboys learn your songs by heart;
 That when the flush'd voluptuary sups,
 He celebrates your name amidst his cups.
 Here one there is, in purple clad, whose Muse
 Collects the rancid offals of the stews;
 In drawling snivelling song, delights to tell
 How Phyllis loved, how constant, and how well;
 Or mourns Hypsipyle's unhappy doom,
 By Jason quitted in her early bloom.
 Sure, when this favour'd bard at length shall die,
 On his bless'd bones the turf shall lightly lie,
 Unfading laurel shall o'ershade the ground,
 And sweetest violets breathe incense round.
 But our offended poet stops us here,
 Condemns the satire, and reproves the sneer.
 "Who lives," he asks, "insensible to praise,
 "Deserves, and yet neglects the proffer'd bays?
 "Who is not pleased, that from the bookworm's rage
 "The juice of cedar shall preserve his page?
 "That page, esteem'd even to its author's wish,
 "Kept sacred still from frankincense or fish?"
 O thou, whate'er thy name, whoe'er thou art,
 Whom I suppose upon the adverse part,
 Think not, when well, if ever well, I write,
 I feel from praise no genuine delight:

Quando hæc rara avis est, si quid tamen aptius exit,
Laudari metuam: neque enim mihi cornea fibra est:
Sed recti, finemque, extremumque, esse recuso
EUGE tuum, et BELLE, nam belle hoc excute totum:
Quid non intus habet? Non heic est Ilias Acci
Ebria veratro? non si qua elegidia crudi
Dictarunt procures? non quicquid denique lectis
Scribitur in citreis? calidum scis ponere sumen:
Scis comitem horridulum trita donare lacerna:
Et, verum, inquis, amo; verum mihi dicite de me.
Quî pote? vis dicam? nugaris, cum tibi calve
Pinguis aqualiculus propenso sesquipedē exstet.
O Jane, à tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit,
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas,
Nec linguæ, quantum sitiāt canis Appula, tantæ.
Vos ô patricius sanguis, quos vivere fas est
Occipiti cæco, posticæ occurrere sannæ.
Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per lêve severos
Effundat junctura unguēs: scit tendere versum
Non secus, ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno:

But praise ought not to be the only end,
 For which our morals or our lives we mend,
 For which our virtue struggles to excel,
 And seeks pre-eminence in doing well.
 Besides, do all obtaining men's applause,
 Deserve the admiration which it draws?
 Does drunken Accius glow with Homer's fire,
 Though courts extol him, and though fools admire?
 From noble pens do no crude numbers flow,
 No cant of elegy, no whine of woe?
 Have no quaint verses issued from the heads
 Of princes, lolling on their citron beds?
 The winning art is not to you unknown,
 By which the venal crowd becomes your own.
 Rich banquets crown your hospitable board;
 Your wardrobe too cast garments can afford.
 But you will have the truth. Shall I be plain?
 Then, dotard, learn, that all your toil is vain.
 Nor now, when swoln and bloated with excess,
 Trick your old Muse in meretricious dress.
 O! two-faced Janus, whom the people pass,
 Nor lift the mimic hands to show the ass!
 No tongue lolls out, no finger points at thee,
 None laughs, or nods, or winks, but thou must see.
 Ye chiefs of Rome, who have not eyes behind,
 Prevent all insults on the side that's blind.
 What say the people? "What," the flatterer cries,
 "But that your verse the critic's spleen defies;
 "That taste and judgment mark each flowing line,
 "The sound harmonious, and the sense divine:

Sive opus in mores, in luxum, in prandia regum,
Dicere res grandes nostro dat Musa poëta.
Ecce modo heroas sensus afferre docemus
Nugari solitos Græcè, nec ponere lucum
Artifices, nec rus saturum laudare, ubi corbes,
Et focus, et porci, et fumosa Palilia fœno :
Unde Remus, sulcoque terens dentalia, *Quinti*,
Quum trepida ante boves Dictatorem induit uxor :
Et tua aratra domum lictor tulit : euge poëta.
Est nunc *Brisæi* quem venosus liber *Acci*,
Sunt quos *Pacuviusque*, et verrucosa moretur
Antiopa, ærumnis cor luctificabile fulta.
Hos pueris monitus patres infundere lippos
Cum videas, quærisne unde hæc sartago loquendi
Venerit in linguas ? unde istud dedecus, in quo
Trossulus exultat tibi per subsellia lêvis ?
Nilne pudet, capiti non posse pericula cano
Pellere, quin tepidum hoc optes audire ? **DECENTER !**

" That whether feasts or battles be the theme,
 " A hero's glory, or a lover's dream,
 " Thy golden numbers by the Muse inspired,
 " By art are polish'd, and by genius fired."
 Heroic verse unletter'd dunces write,
 And scribbling schoolboys dictate and indite—
 Some praise the fields; yet wanting skill to sing,
 Confound the tints of autumn and of spring;
 Forgetting nature, paint a garish scene,
 Of cloudless skies, and groves for ever green:
 Or with rude pencil rustic manners draw,
 Where swarms the village round the kindling straw,
 Where pigs and panniers crowd the bustling street,
 And merry hinds to honour Pales meet;
 Or show the spot whence Rome's great founders sprung:
 Nor, gallant Quintus, dost thou rest unsung,
 When the dictator's laurel graced thy brow,
 And thine own lictors bore away thy plough.
 Are there not some who love the turgid strain,
 Of drunken Accius, in his moody vein?
 For whom a tragic rant can yield delight,
 Nor even Pacuvius is too dull to write?
 Do you demand, whence the disease has sprung?
 What stains, corrupts, contaminates our tongue?
 False taste through all our books and writings runs,
 And in the evil sires confirm their sons.
 Pale Affectation quits her sickly bed,
 Opes her dull eye, and lifts her languid head;
 Ascends the rostrum, the tribunal seeks,
 Rants on the stage, and in the senate speaks.

Fur es, ait Pedio. Pedius quid? crimina rasis
Librat in antithetis, doctas posuisse figuras
Laudatur, bellum hoc, hoc bellum? an Romule ceves?
Men' moveat quippe, et cantet si naufragus, assem
Protulerim? cantas cum fracta te in trabe pictum
Ex humero portes? verum, nec nocte paratum
Plorabit, qui me volet incurvasse querela.
Sed numeris decor est, et junctura addita crudis.
Claudere sic versum didicit, Berecynthus Attin,
Et qui cæruleum dirimebat Nerea delphin,
Sic costam longo subduximus Apennino.
ARMA VIRUM, nonne hoc spumosum et cortice pingui?
Ut ramale vetus prægrandi subere coctum.
Quidnam igitur tenerum, et laxa cervice legendum?
Torva Mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, et lyncem Mænas flexura corymbis
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adsonat Echo.
Hæc fierent, si testiculi vena ulla paterni

Is Pedius charged? his own vile cause he pleads!
 For pardon sues, and skill'd in tropes, succeeds;
 Vices with figures weighs in well-poised scales,
 And shines in metaphor, where logic fails.
 What should we give? what alms? if on the shore,
 While round his neck the pictured storm he wore,
 The shipwreck'd sailor, destitute of aid,
 Sung as he begg'd, and jested as he pray'd?
 'Tis not enough that wit and skill be proved;
 Who means to move me, must himself be moved.

1 *Poet.* But if you blame what orators compose,
 Their flowery diction, and their measured prose,
 You must at least confess that song divine,
 Where *Berecynthian Atyn* swells the line;
 Where *famed Arion* swims on glassy waves,
 And daring dolphin azure *Nereus* cleaves;
 Where from the broad-back'd mountain's monstrous chine
 The hero carves a rib of *Apennine*.

P. Compared with this, what could poor *Virgil* write?
 His style is turgid, and his sense is trite:
 His wither'd laurel, faded, shrivell'd, shrunk,
 Stands on the blasted wild a leafless trunk.
 But when descending from this lofty strain,
 How sing our poets in their tender vein?

2 *Poet.* To *Mimallonean* measures blow the horn;
 The victim's head let *Bassaridæ* adorn;
 Let *Mænas* lead the lynx with ivy bound,
 Evocæ cry, while echo helps the sound.

P. Enough, enough. I can no more endure
 This pompous stuff, affected and obscure.

Viveret in nobis? summa delumbe saliva
 Hoc natat in labris: et in udo est Mænas, et Attin:
 Nec pluteum cædit, nec demorsos sapit unguēs.
 Sed quid opus teneras mordaci radere vero
 Aurículas? vide sis, ne majorum tibi fortè
 Limina frigescant: sonat heic de nare canina
 Littera. Per me equidem sint omnia protinus alba.
 Nil moror: euge, omnes, omnes bene miræ eritis res.
 Hoc juvat: heic, inquis, veto quisquam faxit oletum.
 Pingē duos angues: pueri, sacer est locus: extra
 Meiite, discedo. Secuit Lucilius urbem,
 Te Lupe, te Muti, et genuinum fregit in illis.
 Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
 Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

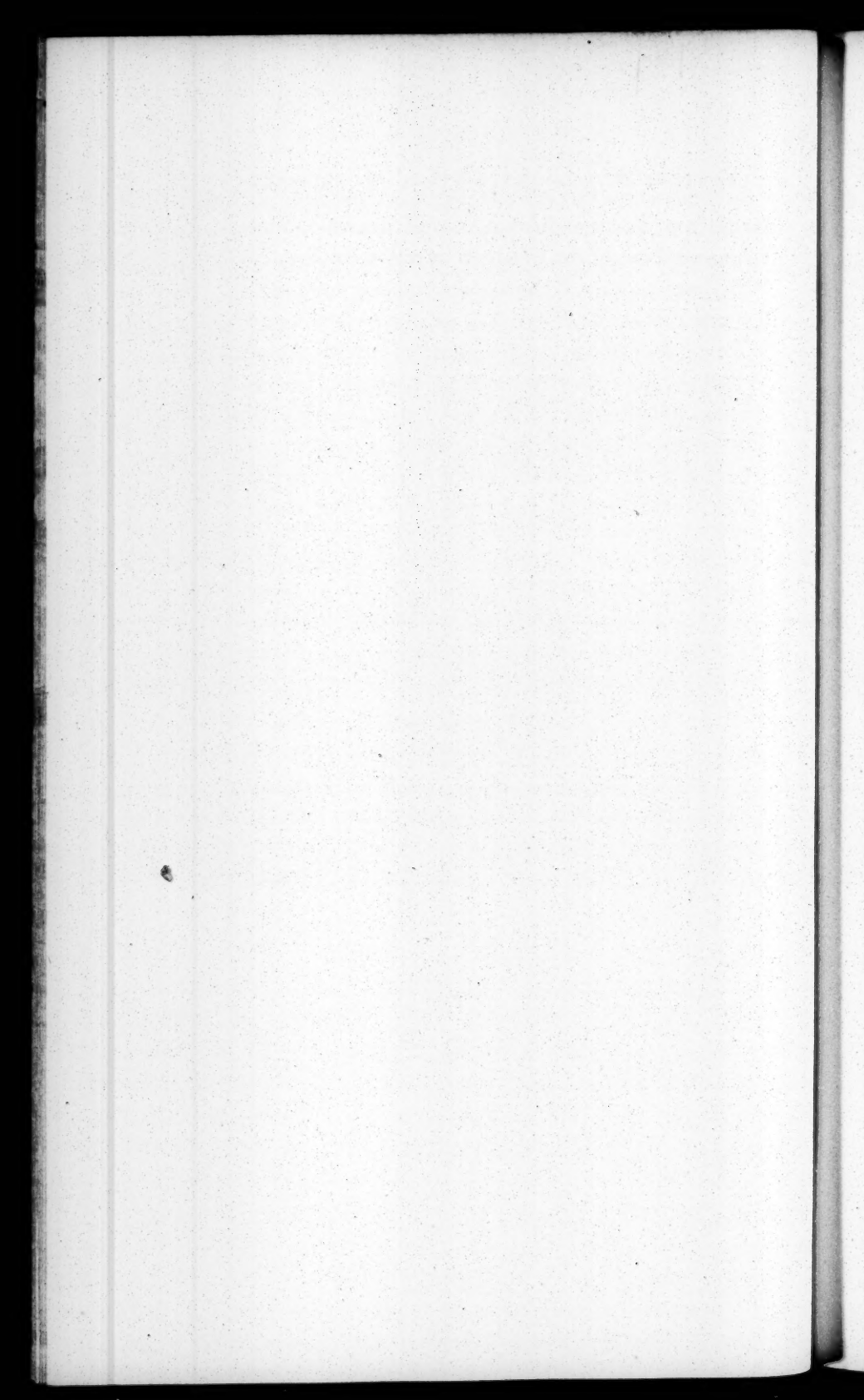
Where is the spirit of our fathers fled,
 Where the stern virtue by our country bred ;
 Where the exalted genius which inspired,
 The force which nerved it, or the pride which fired ?
 Are these all gone ? Does nature give offence,
 Or chaste simplicity, or manly sense,
 That themes like these, by poetasters sung,
 Charm every ear, and hang on every tongue ?
 M. Do you not tremble, my unguarded friend,
 Lest some Patrician poet you offend ?
 Still will you wear that most uncourtly scowl,
 Still snarl a critic, still a Cynic growl ?
 P. 'Tis well, 'tis well. Be all their doggerel read ;
 Let courts applaud, and princes nod the head ;
 The same dead colour runs through all they write,
 A trackless waste of snow, where all is white.
 But I no more their faults and failings blame,
 Admired their works, immortal be their fame ;
Be it resolved, that this be sacred ground,
 That babbling critics be to silence bound ;
Be it resolved, that when occasion calls,
 Unlucky boys do not pollute these walls.
 Yet let me say, when old Lucilius sung,
 Invectives fell not garbled from his tongue.
 With greater art sly Horace gain'd his end,
 But spared no failing of his smiling friend ;
 Sportive and pleasant round the heart he play'd,
 And wrapt in jests the censure he convey'd ;
 With such address his willing victims seized,
 That tickled fools were rallied, and were pleased.

Men' mutire nefas, nec clam, nec cum scrobe ? nusquam.
 Heic tamen infodiam. Vidi, vidi ipse, libelle :
 Auriculas asini Mida rex habet. Hoc ego opertum,
 Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi vendo
 Iliade. Audaci quicunque afflate Cratino,
 Iratum Eupolidem prægrandi cum sene palles,
 Aspice et hæc, si fortè aliquid decoctius audis ;
 Inde vaporata lector mihi ferveat aure.
 Non hic, qui in crepidas Graiorum ludere gestit
 Sordidus, et lusco qui poscit dicere, lusce ;
 Sese aliquem credens, Italo quod honore supinus
 Fregerit heminas Areti ædilis iniquas :

But why should I then bridle in my rage?
 Why tremble thus to lash a guilty age?
 Here let me dig—even here the truth unfold
 (As once the gossip barber did of old),
 Here to my little book I will declare,
 Of ass's ears I've seen a royal pair.
 Nor would I now have miss'd this single hit
 For all the Iliads by the Accii writ.
 If such there be who feel the force and fire,
 Of bold Cratinus' free and manly lyre;
 Who, while they see triumphant vice prevail,
 O'er the stern page of Eupolis grow pale;
 Or nightly loiter with that comic sage,
 Who lash'd, amused, did all but mend his age;
 Let them look here; and if by chance they find
 Men well described, or manners well design'd,
 Let them acknowledge that my breast has known
 Fires not less pure, less generous than their own.
 But let that sordid wretch approach not here,
 Whose utmost wit is some offensive jeer;
 Whose narrow mind nor sense, nor honour knows;
 Who mocks the tear which from affliction flows;
 Who never kindred sigh of sorrow heaves,
 But dares to laugh when suffering nature grieves:
 Hence let such readers fly, though on them wait,
 An Ædile's honours, or Proconsul's state:
 And hence, far hence, be all that vulgar crew,
 Whose theme still is the stable or the stew;
 Who mock all science, all her laws despise,
 Insult the good, and ridicule the wise;

Nec qui abaco numeros, et secto in pulvere metas
Scit risisse vafer, multum gaudere paratus,
Si Cynico barbam petulans Nonaria vellat.
His mane edictum, post prandia Callirhoën do.

Hence too, that mushroom race of beardless fools,
An annual crop, the produce of our schools ;
Who hear unmoved the sage's warning tongue,
To mark his shoe ill form'd, or gown ill hung ;
Whose noisy laugh, whose plaudits still are heard,
When the pert wanton plucks the Cynic's beard.
Ye thoughtless fools, for greater things unfit,
The paths of vice for those of dullness quit :
There kill the time—there linger out your day ;
Grow women's men, and dream your lives away.



THE
SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE II.

SATIRA II.

V. I—IO.

HUNC, Macrine, diem numera meliore lapillo,
Qui tibi labentes apponit candidus annos.
Funde merum Genio, non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere divis.
At bona pars procerum tacita libabit acerra.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque, humilesque
susurros
Tollere de templis, et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes :
Illa sibi introrsum, et sub lingua immurmurat : ô si
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus ! et, ô si

SATIRE II.

V. 1—24.

LET a white stone of pure unsullied ray
Record, Macrinus, this thy natal day,
Which not for thee the less auspicious shines,
That years revolve, and closing life declines.
Haste then to celebrate this happy hour,
And large libations to thy Genius pour.
With splendid gifts you ne'er will seek the shrine,
To tempt the power you worship as divine.
To venal nobles you consign the task,
To wish in secret, and in secret ask ;
Let them for this before the altar bow,
And breathe unheard the mercenary vow :
Let them for this upon the votive urn
Mute offerings make, and midnight incense burn.
It ill might suit the selfish and the proud,
Were the grand objects of their lives avow'd ;
Were all the longings of their souls express'd,
No latent wish left lurking in the breast.
When truth or virtue is the boon we seek,
We can distinctly ask, and clearly speak ;
But when the guilty soul throws off disguise,
Then whisper'd prayers, and mutter'd vows arise.
“ O in his grave were my old uncle laid,
“ And at his tomb funereal honours paid !

Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro
Hercule ! pupillumve utinam, quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam ! namque est scabiosus, et acri
Bile tumet. Nerio jam tertia ducitur uxor.
Hæc sanctè ut poscas, Tiberino in gurgite mergis
Mane caput bis, terque, et noctem flumine purgas.
Heus age, responde, minimum est quod scire laboro :
De Jove quid sentis ? estne, ut præponere cures
Hunc, cuinam ? cuinam ? vis Staio ? an scilicet hæres,
Quis potior judex, puerisve quis aptior orbis ?
Hoc igitur, quo tu Jovis aurem impellere tentas,
Dic agedum Staio : pro Jupiter ô bone, clamet.
Jupiter ! at sese non clamet Jupiter ipse ?
Ignovisse putas, quia cum tonat, ocyus ilex
Sulfure discutitur sacro, quam tuque, domusque ?

" O Hercules, when next I rake the soil,
 " With a rich treasure recompence my toil !
 " Or might I, Gods, to my young ward succeed,
 " Urge on his fate, nor Heaven condemn the deed ;
 " The sickly child already seems to pine,
 " And bile and ulcer hasten his decline.
 " Three times hath Hymen's torch for Nerius burn'd,
 " Three times hath he to widowhood return'd.
 And now, fanatic wretch, to purge your soul,
 Plunge where the sacred waves of Tiber roll ;
 To them each morn the night's foul stains convey,
 And in their waters wash your crimes away.
 To one plain question honestly reply :
 What are your thoughts of him who rules the sky ?
 As all our judgments rest on what we know,
 And good is still comparative below ;
 Is there a man whom even as Jove you prize,
 Like him believe beneficent and wise ?
 What, are you doubtful ? such may Staius be ?
 Who is the juster judge, or Jove or he ?
 But let me ask, to Staius did you say
 One half of what you utter when you pray,
 Would he not from you with abhorrence turn,
 And you and all your bribes indignant spurn ?
 But do you hope, that Jove will lend an ear
 To prayers, which Staius would refuse to hear ?
 Do you believe that Heaven at you connived,
 Because its lightnings flew, and you survived :
 Because o'er you the thunder harmless broke,
 While the red vengeance struck the blasted oak ?

An quia non fibris ovium, Ergennaque jubente,
 Triste jaces lucis, evitandumque bidental,
 Idcirco stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
 Jupiter? aut quidnam est, qua tu mercede Deorum
 Emeris auriculas? pulmone, et lactibus unctis?
 Ecce avia, aut metuens divum matertera, cunis
 Exemit puerum, frontemque, atque uda labella
 Infami digito, et lustralibus ante salivis
 Expiat, urentes oculos inhibere perita.
 Tunc manibus quatit, et spem macram supplice voto
 Nunc Licini in campos, nunc Crassi mittit in ædes.
 Hunc optent generum rex et regina: puellæ
 Hunc rapiant: quicquid calcaverit hic, rosa fiat.
 Ast ego nutrici non mando vota: negato
 Jupiter hæc illi, quamvis te albata rogarit.
 Poscis opem nervis, corpusque fidele senectæ:
 Esto, age: sed grandes patinæ, tucetaque crassa

Do you conclude that you may mock your God,
 Because his mercy still hath spared the rod ;
 Because no silent grove's unhallow'd gloom
 By mortals shunn'd hath yet conceal'd your tomb,
 Where in last expiation of the dead,
 The augur worshipp'd, and the victim bled ?
 What are the bribes with which Jove's ear you win,
 Excusing guilt, and palliating sin ?
 Will prayer do this ? will vows your pardon gain ?
 While entrails smoke, and fatted lambs are slain ?

Lo, from his cradle all his parent's joy,
 The superstitious grandam lifts the boy ;
 Well skill'd the lines of destiny to trace,
 She bathes his eyes, with spittle daubs his face,
 Lays the mid-finger on his little brow,
 Extends her hands, and meditates the vow.
 In her quick thought Licinius quits his fields,
 And wealthy Crassus his possessions yields.
 " Let every bliss, sweet child of hope, be thine,
 " Bright stars beam on thee, and mild planets shine.
 " Let rival monarchs bow to thee the head,
 " And queens design thee for their daughter's bed.
 " To thee their charms may blooming nymphs expose,
 " And still thy footsteps press the springing rose."
 May never nurse with drawling canting whine,
 Invoke such blessings on a child of mine !
 But if she should, good Jove, the infant spare,
 Though rob'd in white she shall prefer her prayer !
 You ask strong nerves, age that is fresh and hale :
 'Tis well ; go on. But how shall you prevail ?

Annuere his superos vetuêre, Jovemque morantur.
 Rem struere exoptas cæso bove, Mercuriumque
 Arcessis fibra : da fortunare penates,
 Da pecus, et gregibus fœtum, quo, pessime, pacto,
 Tot tibi in flammis junicum omenta liquescant ?
 Et tamen hic extis, et opimo vincere ferto
 Intendit : jam crescit ager, jam crescit ovile,
 Jam dabitur, jamjam : donec deceptus, et exspes
 Nequicquam fundo suspiret nummus in imo.
 Si tibi crateras argenti, incusaque pingui
 Auro dona feram, sudes, et pectore lævo
 Excutias guttas, lætari prætrepidum cor :
 Hinc illud subiit, auro sacras quòd ovato
 Perducis facies, nam fratres inter ahenos,
 Somnia pituita qui purgatissima mittunt,
 Præcipui sunt, sitque illis aurea barba.
 Aurum, vasa Numæ, Saturniaque impulit æra,
 Vestalesque urnas, et Tuscum fictile mutat.
 O curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes !

For were great Jove himself to give his nod,
 Your feasts and revels would defeat the god.
 You sigh for wealth, the frequent ox is slain,
 And bribes are offer'd to the god of gain.
 For flocks and herds to household gods you cry;
 Why then, you fool, do daily victims die?
 Yet does this man the wearied gods assail,
 And thinks by dint of offerings to prevail:
 Now 'tis the field, and now the fold which teems,
 Hope rests on hope, and schemes are built on schemes;
 Until at length, deserted and alone,
 In the deep chest the last sad farthing groan.
 If to you e'er a present richly wrought,
 If silver cups and golden gifts I brought,
 Your eager hand would grasp at the decoy,
 And your light heart would dance with hope and joy.
 Hence, to the shrine with splendid bribes you run,
 In triumph carried, but by rapine won.
 And now each brazen brother's power you know,
 In bringing fortune, and averting woe.
 He, who hath promised most, is most revered,
 And wears, in proof of skill, a golden beard.
 Now gold hath banish'd Numa's simple vase,
 And the plain brass of Saturn's frugal days.
 Now do we see to precious goblets turn
 The Tuscan pitcher, and the vestal urn.
 O grovelling souls, which still to earth incline,
 From mortal nature judging of divine!
 Must man's corruption to the skies be spread,
 And godhead be by human passions led?

Quid juvat hoc, templis nostros immittere mores,
Et bona dies ex hac scelerata ducere pulpa?
Hæc sibi corrupto casiam dissolvit olivo:
Et Calabrum coxit vitiato murice vellus:
Hæc baccam conchæ rasisse, et stringere venas
Ferventis massæ crudo de pulvere jussit.
Peccat et hæc, peccat: vitio tamen utitur: at vos
Dicite pontifices, in sancto quid facit aurum?
Nempe hoc, quod Veneri donatæ à virgine puppæ.
Quin damus id superis, de magna quod dare lance
Non possit magni Messalæ lippa propago:
Compositum jus fasque animo, sanctosque recessus
Mentis, et incoctum generoso pectus honesto?
Hæc cedo ut admoveam templis, et farre litabo.

'Tis sense, gross sense, which clouds our mental sight,
And wraps the soul of man in moral night.
This for mistaken grandeur bids us toil ;
This steeps the cassia in the tainted oil ;
This makes the fleece its native white forego,
With costly dyes and purple hues to glow :
This seeks the pearl upon the rocky shore,
And strains the metal from the fusing ore :
This still by vice obtains its secret ends,
And this to earth the abject spirit bends.
But you, ye ministers of Heaven, declare,
What gold avails in sacrifice and prayer.
Not more than dolls upon the altar laid,
To Venus offer'd by the full grown maid.
Let me give that which wealth cannot bestow,
The pomp of riches, nor the glare of show ;
Let me give that, which from their golden pot
Messala's proud and blear-eyed race could not :
To the just Gods let me present a mind,
Which civil and religious duties bind,
A guileless heart, which no dark secrets knows,
But with the generous love of virtue glows.
Such be the presents, such the gifts I make,
With them I sacrifice a wheaten cake.

THE
SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE III.

SATIRA III.

V. 1—13.

NEMPE hæc assidue. Jam clarum mane fenestras
Intrat, et angustas extendit lumine rimas :
Sertimus indomitum quod despumare Falernum
Sufficiat, quinta dum linea tangitur umbra.
En quid agis ? siccas insana canicula messes
Jamdudum coquit, et patula pecus omne sub ulmo est.
Unus ait comitum : verumne ? itane ? ocyus adsit
Huc aliquis, nemon' ? turgescit vitrea bilis :
Findor : ut Arcadiæ pecuaria rudere credas.
Jam liber, et bicolor positis membrana capillis,
Inque manus chartæ, nodosaque venit arundo.
Tunc queritur, crassus calamo quod pendeat humor.
Nigra quod infusa vanescat sepia lympa ;

SATIRE III.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND DISCIPLE; OR,
THE REPROACH OF IDLENESS.

V. 1—22.

WHAT, always thus? Now in full blaze of day
Sol mounts the skies, and shoots a downward ray;
Breaks on your darken'd chamber's lengthen'd night,
And pours thro' narrow chinks long streams of light:
Yet still subdued by sleep's oppressive power,
You slumber, heedless of the passing hour;
Of strong Falernian dissipate the fumes,
And snore unconscious, while the day consumes.
See the hot sun through reddening Leo roll,
The raging dog-star fire the glowing pole;
The yellow harvest waving o'er the plain,
The reapers bending o'er the golden grain;—
Beneath the spreading elm the cattle laid,
And panting flocks recumbent in the shade.
“Is it indeed so late?” the sluggard cries.
“Who waits? here, slaves! be quick—I wish to rise,
At length, to study see the youth proceed,
Charged with his book, his parchment, and his reed.
But now he finds the ink too black to write;
And now, diluted, it escapes the sight:
Now it is made too thick, and now too thin,
And now it sinks too deeply in the skin:

Dilutas queritur geminet quod fistula guttas.
 O miser; inque dies ultra miser, huccine rerum
 Venimus? at cur non potius, teneroque columbo,
 Et similis regum pueris, pappare minutum
 Poscis, et iratus mammæ lallare recusas?
 An tali studeam calamo? cui verba? quid istas
 Succinis ambages? tibi luditur: effluis amens.
 Contemnere, sonat vitium percussa, maligne
 Respondet viridi non cocta fidelia limo.
 Udu[m] et molle lutum es, nunc, nunc properandus, et
 acri

Fingendus sine fine rota: sed rure paterno
 Est tibi far modicum, purum et sine labe salinum.
 Quid metuas? cultrixque foci segura patella est.
 Hoc satis? an deceat pulmonem rumpere ventis,
 Stemmata quod Tusco ramum millesime ducis,
 Censore[m]ne tuum vel quod trabeate salutas?
 Ad populum phaleras: ego te intus, et in cute novi.
 Non pudet ad morem discincti vivere Nattæ?
 Sed stupet hic vitio, et fibris increvit opimum
 Pingue: caret culpa: nescit quid perdat: et alto

The pen writes double, and the point too wide,
 O'er the smooth vellum pours the sable tide.
 O wretch, whose habits into vices grow,
 Whose life accumulates the means of woe!
 Dismiss the scholar, be again the boy,
 Replace the rattle, reassume the toy;
 Repose in quiet on your nurse's lap,
 Pleased by her lullaby, and feed on pap.
 Who is deceived; for whom are spread these lures?
 Is the misfortune mine, or is it yours,
 That you refuse to listen to the truth,
 And waste in idleness the hours of youth?
 Of shame sure victim when that youth is pass'd,
 And sorrow mingles in your cup at last.
 Yet art thou young, and yet thy pliant mind
 Yields to the gale, and bends with every wind;
 Seize then this sunny, but this fleeting hour,
 To nurse and cultivate the tender flower.
 Art thou of riches and of titles vain,
 A splendid equipage, a pompous train?
 Or dost thou boast a Tuscan race as thine,
 A great, an ancient, and an honour'd line?
 Does it suffice, the purple round thee thrown,
 To hail the Roman Censor as thine own?
 Vain honours all—how little are the proud,
 Even when their pomp imposes on the crowd!
 I know thee well; and hast thou then no shame,
 That thy loose life and Natta's are the same?
 But he to virtue lost, knows not its price,
 Fattens in sloth, and stupifies in vice:

Demersus, summa rursus non bullit in unda.
 Magne pater divum, sævos punire tyrannos
 Haud alia ratione velis, cum dira libido
 Moverit ingenium ferventi tincta veneno,
 Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictæ.
 Anne magis Siculi gemuerunt æra juvenci,
 Et magis auratis pendens laquearibus ensis
 Purpureas subter cervices terruit, Imus,
 Imus præcipites, quàm si sibi dicat, et intus
 Palleat infelix, quod proxima nesciat uxor?
 Sæpe oculos, memini, tangebam parvus olivo,
 Grandia si nollem morituri verba Catonis
 Dicere, non sano multum laudanda magistro,
 Quæ pater adductis sudans audiret amicis.
 Jure: etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret

Sunk in the gulf, immersed in guilt he lies,
 Has not the power, nor yet the will to rise.
 Great Sire of Gods, let not thy thunder fall
 On princes when their crimes for vengeance call;
 But let remembrance punish guilty kings,
 And conscience wound with all her thousand stings;
 Let Truth's fair form confess'd before them rise;
 And Virtue stand reveal'd to mortal eyes,
 Astonish tyrants by her placid mien,
 And teach them, dying, what they might have been.
 Does he feel keener pangs, acuter pains,
 Whom, doom'd to death, the brazen bull contains?
 Or, clothed in purple, was that wretch more bless'd
 Whom slaves attended, and whom courts caress'd,
 While from the roof, suspended by a thread,
 The pointed sword hung threatening o'er his head;
 Than that bold wretch, who, unappall'd at crimes,
 By mad ambition urged to grandeur climbs;
 From his dark bosom dares not lift the veil,
 Shudders in thought, and at himself grows pale,
 Trusting to none the secrets of his life,
 Not even confiding in his weeping wife?
 Oft, when a boy, unwilling still to toil,
 To shun my task, I smear'd my face with oil,
 Great Cato's dying speech neglected lay,
 And all my better thoughts to sport gave way;
 With anxious friends my partial father came,
 And sweating saw his son exposed to shame.
 Alas, no pleasure then in books I knew,
 But still with dexterous hand the dice I threw.

Scire, erat in voto : damnosa canicula quantum
Raderet, angustæ collo non fallier orçæ :
Neu quis callidior buxum torquere flagello.
Haud tibi inexpertum curvos deprendere mores,
Quæque docet sapiens braccatis inlita Medis
Porticus insomnis, quibus et detonsa juvenus
Invigilat, siliquis, et grandi pasta polenta.
Et tibi quæ Samios diduxit littera ramos,
Surgentem dextro monstravit limite callem.
Sertis adhuc ? laxumque caput compage soluta
Oscitat hesternum dissutis undique malis ?
Est aliquid quò tendis, et in quod dirigis arcum ?
An passim sequeris corvos, tēstaque, lutoque,
Securus quò pes ferat, atque ex tempore vivis ?
Helleborum frustra, cum jam cutis ægra tumebit,
Poscentes videas : venienti occurrite morbo.
Et quid opus Cratero magnos promittere montes ?
Discite ô miseri, et causas cognoscite rerum,
Quid sumus, et quidnam victuri gignimur, ordo
Quis datus, aut metæ quàm mollis flexus, et unde :
Quis modus argento, quid fas optare, quid asper
Utile nummus habet : patriæ, carisque propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat : quem te Deus esse
Jussit, et humana qua parte locatus es in re.

None with more art the rattling box could shake ;
 None reckon'd better on the envied stake ;
 None was more skill'd, along the level ground,
 To chase the whirling top in endless round.
 But you, what arts, what pleasures can entice
 To wander in the thorny paths of vice ;
 You, who so lately from the porch have brought
 The godlike precepts which great Zeno taught ;
 You, who in schools of rigid virtue bred,
 On simple fare with frugal sages fed,
 Where watchful youth their silent vigils keep,
 And midnight studies still encroach on sleep ;
 You, who have listen'd to instruction's voice,
 And with the Samian sage have made your choice ;
 Are you content to lose life's early day,
 Or pass existence in a dream away ?
 Ah, thoughtless youth, ere yet the fell disease
 Blanch your pale cheek, and on its victim seize,
 Apply the remedy, nor idly wait
 Till hope be fled, and medicine come too late !
 Contemplate well this theatre of man ;
 Observe the drama, and its moral plan ;
 Study of things the causes and the ends ;
 Whence is our being, and to what it tends ;
 Of fortune's gifts appreciate the worth ;
 And mark how good and evil mix on earth :
 Observe what stands as relative to you,
 What to your country, parents, friends, is due.
 Consider God as boundless matter's soul,
 Yourself a part of the stupendous whole ;

Disce : nec invid eas, quod multa fidelia putet
 In locuplete penu, defensis pinguibus Umbris,
 Et piper, et pernæ, Marsi monumenta clientis :
 Mænaque quod prima nondum defecerit orca
 Heic aliquis de gente hircosa centurionum
 Dicat, Quod sapio, satis est mihi : non ego curo
 Esse quod Arcesilas, ærumnosique Solones,
 Obstipo capite, et figentes lumine terram,
 Murmura cum secum, et rabiosa silentia rodunt,
 Atque exporrecto trutinantur verba labello,
 Ægroti veteris meditantes somnia, gigni
 De nihilo nihilum, in nihilum nil posse reverti.
 Hoc est, quod palles : cur quis non prandeat, hoc est.
 His populus ridet, multumque torosa juvenus
 Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.
 Inspice : nescio quid trepidat mihi pectus, et ægris
 Faucibus exsuperat gravis halitus, inspice sodes,
 Qui dicit medico ; jussus requiescere, postquam
 Tertia compositas vidit nox currere venas,

Think that existence has an endless reign,
 Yourself a link in the eternal chain.
 Weigh these things well, and envy not the stores,
 Which clients bring from Umbria's fruitful shores;
 Forego, without regret, the noisy bar,
 Its din, its wrangling, its unceasing war;
 Forsake that place where justice has a price,
 And suits are gain'd for fish, or ham, or spice.
 But here, perhaps, some blustering son of Mars,
 Will treat my doctrine as an idle farce.
 "What," doth he cry, "do I not know enough,
 That I must listen to this learned stuff?
 "I do not wish to be esteem'd a sage,
 "Nor to be held the Solon of my age.
 "I hate the dull philosopher who sits,
 "Pores o'er his book, and talks and thinks by fits;
 "Whose crazy head with metaphysics teems,
 "Who deeply ruminates on sick men's dreams,
 "Who holds, that *nothing is from nothing brought*;
 "And then again, that *nought returns to nought*.
 "And is it this which racks that head of thine?
 "Is it for this, that thou hast fail'd to dine?
 Now roars the laugh, and now the noisy crowd
 Of listening fools, delighted, shouts aloud.

Some one there was, who finding strength to fail,
 His body meagre, and his visage pale,
 For the physician sent, and told his case,
 And show'd health's roses faded on his face.
 Three days' repose the fever's force restrains,
 And cools the current boiling in his veins.

De majore domo modicè sitiente lagena
 Lenia loturo sibi Surrentina rogavit.
 Heus bone, tu palles. Nihil est. Videas tamen istud,
 Quicquid id est : surgit tacitè tibi lutea pellis.
 At tu deterius palles : ne sis mihi tutor :
 Jampridem hunc sepeli : tu restas. Perge, tacebo.
 Turgidus hic epulis, atque albo ventre, lavatur,
 Gutturè sulphureas lente exhalante mephites.
 Sed tremor inter vina subit, calidumque triental
 Excudit è manibus : dentes crepuere relecti.
 Uncta cadunt laxis tunc pulmentaria labris.
 Hinc tuba, candelæ : tandemque beatulus alto
 Compositus lecto, crassisque lutatus amomis,
 In portam rigidos calces extendit : at illum
 Hesterni capite induto subiere Quirites.
 Tange miser venas, et pone in pectore dextram,
 Nil calet hic, summosque pedes attinge, manusque,
 Non frigent, visa est forte pecunia, sive
 Candida vicini subrisit molle puella,
 Cor tibi rite salit ? positum est argente catino

Once more desirous for the world to live,
 And taste of all the joys which it can give;
 He quits his bed, prepares to bathe, and dine,
 And quaff the juice of the Surrentin vine.
 "How wan, how sallow!" the physician cries;
 "Ah, but 'tis nothing now," the sick replies:
 "Nothing, my friend; the dire prognosis shows,
 "Disease productive of a thousand woes."
 "Nay, pr'ythee, peace—I do not ask thine aid;
 "My guardian in his grave long since was laid."
 The doctor goes—the sick man's body swells,
 And water gathers in a thousand cells:
 His breath, sulphureous, taints the vernal gale,
 And airs mephitic from his lungs exhale;
 At length unlook'd for death the wretch appals,
 And from his hand the lifted goblet falls.
 The trumpets sound, funereal torches glow,
 Announcing far the mockery of woe.
 On the state bed, the stiffen'd corse is laid,
 And all the honours due to death are paid;
 O'er the sad relics new made Romans mourn,
 And place the ashes in the silent urn.
 "Thy well told tale does not to me apply,
 "No fever rages, and no pulse beats high.
 "Lay thine hand here; my heart no throbbing knows,
 "And health for me uninterrupted flows."
 Methinks thou mayst a few exceptions make.
 Did loss of gold ne'er cause thine heart to ake?
 Does not a fever rage when'er, by chance,
 A fond maid's soul is pictured in her glance?

Durum olus, et populi cribro decussa farina.
Tentemus fauces: tenero latet ulcus in ore
Putre, quod haud deceat plebeia radere beta.
Alges, cum excussit membris timor albus aristas:
Nunc face supposita fervescit sanguis, et ira
Scintillant oculi: dicisque, facisque, quod ipse
Non sani esse hominis, non sanus juret Orestes.

Say, dost thou sit contented at the board,
Which just a cake and cabbage can afford ?
Come, try thy mouth——hah——there's an ulcer there,
Too tender to be touch'd by such coarse fare.
Thou hast an ague, when heart-chilling Fear
Bristles thine hair, and whispers danger near :
And Madness, horrid fiend, is nigh at hand,
When raging Anger hurls his flaming brand ;
And thou dost rave in such a frantic strain,
As mad Orestes would pronounce insane ?

THE
SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE IV.

SATIRA IV.

V. I—16.

REM populi tractas? barbatum hæc crede magistrum
Dicere, sorbitio tollit quem dira cicutæ.
Quo fretus? dic hoc magni pupille Pericli.
Scilicet ingenium, et rerum prudentia velox
Ante pilos venit: dicenda, tacendaque calles.
Ergo ubi commota fervet plebecula bile,
Fert animus calidæ fecisse silentia turbæ
Majestate manus: quid deinde loquere? Quirites,
Hoc, puto, non justum est, illud male, rectius illud.
Scis etenim justum gemina suspendere lance
Ancipitis libræ: rectum discernis, ubi inter
Curva subit, vel cum fallit pede regula varo:
Et potis es nigrum vitio præfigere theta.
Quin tu igitur summa nequicquam pelle decorus
Ante diem blando caudam jactare popello
Desinis, Anticyras melior sorbere meracas?

SATIRE IV.

V. 1—26.

IMAGINE that divine Athenian sage
(At once the shame and honour of his age)
Who by the malice of his foes belied,
A victim to their rage by hemlock died,
In scoffing language to have thus address'd
That froward youth whom Athens once caress'd.
“ Art thou a statesman? wouldst thou hold the helm?
And rule like Pericles the subject realm?
Does sense mature, ere life has reach'd its noon?
Does thy young judgment bring forth fruit so soon?
Ere yet the down has gather'd on thy cheek,
Art thou instructed how, and when, to speak?
Canst thou the tumult's mingled roar restrain,
Silence command, nor wave the hand in vain;
On public good the public mind enlight,
And lift the torch of truth where all is night?
No doubt, thou canst in thy experience trust,
Say what is right, and point out what is just;
No doubt, thy way thou always canst discern,
And men and manners thou hast not to learn:
Thou holdest virtue at its proper price;
Fixing thy stigma on the brow of vice.
But therefore cease, at every public place,
To show the beauties of thy form and face.
From all these idle practices refrain,
And take to hellebore to clear thy brain.

Quæ tibi summa boni est ? uncta vixisse patella .
Semper et assiduo curata cuticula sole.
Expecta : haud aliud respondeat hæc anus. I nunc.
Dinomaches ego sum, suffla, sum candidus. Esto :
Dum ne deterius sapiat pannucea Baucis,
Cum bene discincto cantaverit ocyma vernæ.
Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere, nemo :
Sed præcedenti spectatur mantica tergo.
Quæsieris. Nostrin' Vectidi prædia ? cujus ?
Dives arat Curibus quantum non milvus oberret :
Hunc ais ? hunc diis iratis, genioque sinistro :
Qui quandoque jugum pertusa ad compita figit,
Seriolæ veterem metuens deradere linum,
Ingemit, Hoc bene sit : tunicatum cum sale mordens

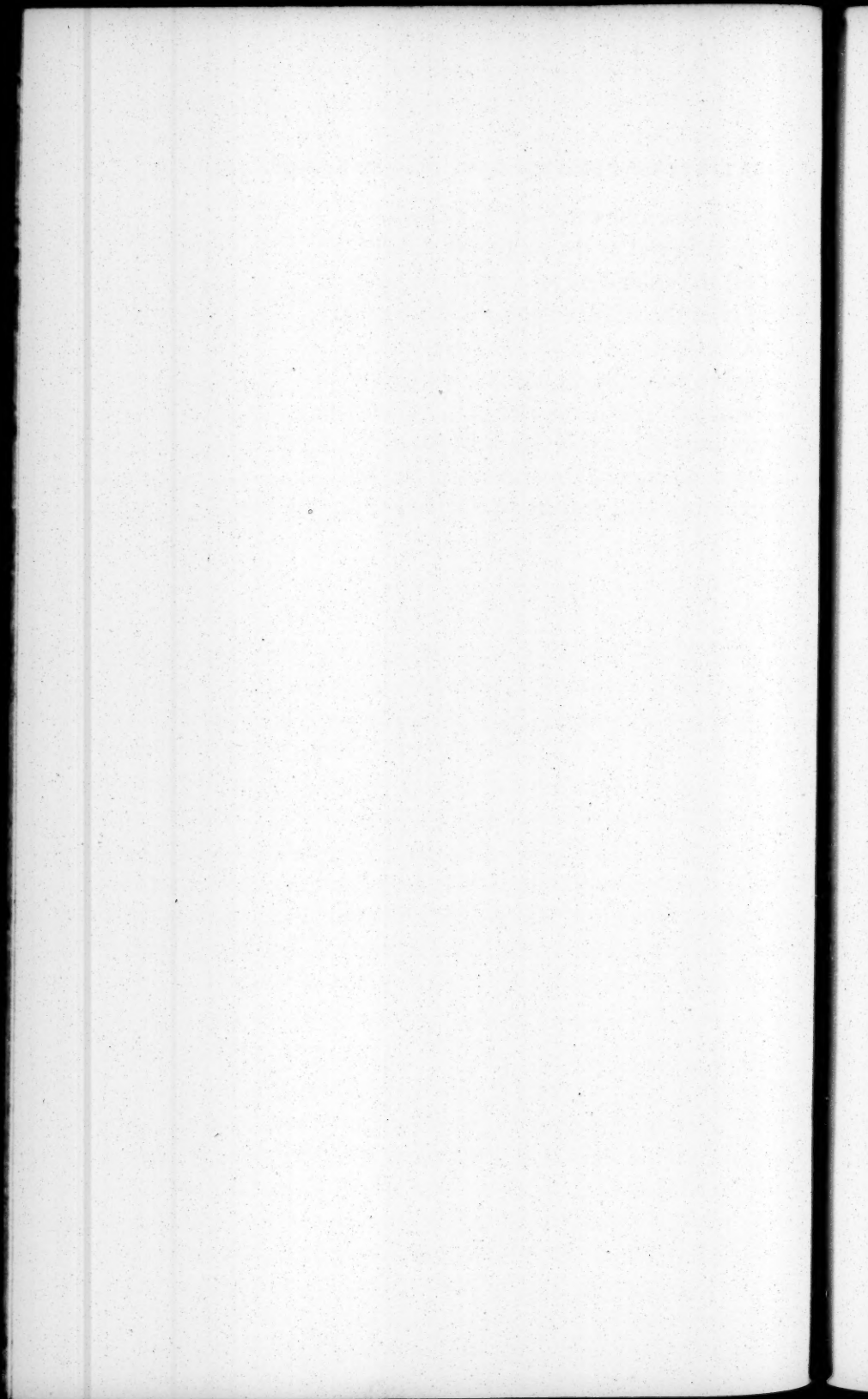
What have thy pleasures been? what is thy care?
 A sumptuous table, and luxurious fare;
 Of thy fine skin the whiteness to display,
 Preserved untann'd amidst the blaze of day.
 But for thy mind;—old Baucis at her stall,
 Who ne'er did aught but beets and cabbage bawl,
 Knows just as much—might place as well as thou,
 The statesman's laurel on her wrinkled brow.
 None looks at home; none seeks himself to know
 (The only knowledge undesired below).
 But each intent regards his neighbour's mind,
 Sees other's faults, and to his own is blind.
 That man thou blamest; (him, whose lands extend
 Far as a kite its longest course can bend;)
 And him thou wouldst consign to every woe
 Which gods award, or wretched mortals know;
 Because he grudges annual presents due,
 To frugal Pales and her rustic crew;
 Gives to his wearied hinds a scanty meal,
 And dines himself upon an onion peel.
 Lo, at thine elbow an accuser stands,
 Who thy dark deed with foul opprobrium brands;
 That deed, which covers even vice with shame,
 While outraged Nature reddens at the name.
 [How truly fair was bounteous Nature's plan!
 How wisely suited to the state of man!
 For him her hand had traced a flowery way;
 Mild was her reign, and gentle was her sway:
 But fury passions, owning no control,
 Seized on her empire, and usurp'd the soul.

Cæpe: et farrata pueris plaudentibus olla,
Pannosam fæcem morientis sorbet aceti?
At si unctus cesses, et figas in cute solem,
Est prope te ignotus, cubito qui tangat, et acre
Despuat in mores: penemque arcanaque lumbi
Runcantem, populo marcentes pandere vulvas.
Tu cum maxillis balanatum gausape pectas,
Inguinibus quare detonsus gurgulio exstat?
Quinque palæstritæ licet hæc plantaria vellant,
Elixasque nates labefactent forcipe adunca,
Non tamen ista filix ullo mansuescit aratro.
Cædimus, inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis.
Vivitur hoc pacto: sic novimus. Ilia subter
Cæcum vulnus habes: sed lato balteus auro
Prætegit: ut mavis, da verba, et decipe nervos,
Si potes. Egregium cum me vicinia dicat,
Non credam? Viso si palles improbe nummo,

Then simple Nature charm'd mankind no more,
 Her pleasures vanish'd, and her power was o'er :
 Then, undistinguish'd, crowded on the view
 The smiling forms her magic pencil drew :
 Her hand then clothed the naked woods in vain,
 Or threw the flowery mantle o'er the plain,
 Gave form and order to the world below,
 And show'd the source whence thought and being flow.
 Unmark'd we see succeeding seasons roll,
 Revolving stars illumine the glowing pole ;
 Unmark'd behold the glorious sun arise,
 Tinging with purple light the orient skies ;
 Unmark'd the spring, on wings of zephyrs borne,
 Hangs the wild rose upon the scented thorn ;
 Unmark'd the cluster bends the curling vine ;
 Unmark'd the tempest rocks the mountain pine.
 All-powerful habit the enchantment breaks ;
 While wonder sleeps, attention scarcely wakes,
 Each soft indulgence blunts the edge of joy ;
 And every pleasure has, or finds alloy.
 Unhappy man takes passion for his guide,
 And sighs for bliss to sated sense denied ;
 Untamed desires impel the vicious mind,
 To God, to Virtue, and to Nature blind.]
 But dost thou hope thy crimes shall rest unknown,
 Hid by the splendour of thy golden zone ?
 Think not that rigid Virtue frames her laws,
 In vile compliance with a mob's applause.
 If o'er his lusts the wretch cannot prevail,
 But in the sordid search of wealth grows pale ;

Si facis, in penem quicquid tibi venit amarum,
 Si Puteal multa cautus vibice flagellas :
 Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures.
 Respue quod non es : tollat sua munera cerdo :
 Tecum habita : noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.

If to our scorn he can himself expose,
 In drunken riot at the midnight shows ;
 Not all the splendour of a noble name
 Shall hide the folly, or conceal the shame.
 Look at thyself, examine well thy mind,
 To pride, to sloth, to luxury, resign'd ;
 Vicious, yet weak, and arrogant, yet mean,
 Retire unequal to this troubled scene ;
 Live not of power the tyrant and the fool,
 Nor scourge that empire which thou canst not rule."



THE
SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE V.

SATIRA V.

AD ANNÆUM CORNUTUM, CUJUS FUIT AUDITOR.

V. 1—18.

VATIBUS hic mos est, centum sibi poscere voces,
Centum ora et linguas optare in carmina centum :
Fabula seu mæsto ponatur hianda tragædo,
Vulnera seu Parthi ducentis ab inguine ferrum.
Quorsum hæc ? aut quantas robusti carminis offas
Ingeris, ut par sit centeno gutture niti ?
Grande locuturi, nebulas Helicone legunto :
Si quibus aut Prognès, aut si quibus olla Thyestæ
Fervebit, sæpe insulso cœnanda Glyconi.
Tu neque anhelanti, coquitur dum massa camino,
Folle premis ventos ; nec clauso murmure raucus
Nescio quid tecum grave cornicaris inepte,
Nec stloppo tumidas intendis rumpere buccas.
Verba togæ sequeris, junctura callidus acri,
Ore teres modico, pallentes radere mores
Doctus, et ingenuo culpam defigere ludo.
Hinc trahe quæ dicas : mensasque relinque Mycenis
Cum capite et pedibus : plebeiaque prandia noris.

SATIRE V.

PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

V. 1—18.

PERSIUS.

POETS, whene'er they sing, do still invite
An hundred tongues to utter what they write:
Whether the tragic Muse the tale rehearse,
Or deeds in arms be told in epic verse.
C. But wherefore thus? for what bombast of thine
Must all these hundred tongues in concert join?
Let him for sounding words and fustian seek,
Who loves on themes of import high to speak;
Who all his sense in lofty language shrouds,
And gropes in Helicon amidst the clouds.
If such there be, who loving things obscure,
Horrors delight, and Progne's feasts allure;
Who sit well pleased where Glyco is the guest,
And share the banquet for Thyestes dress'd;
It is not thine to brood o'er dark designs,
Or utterance give to empty sounding lines.
But thee the Muses and the arts engage,
Well taught to lash the vices of the age;

F

Non equidem hoc studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
Secreti loquimur: tibi nunc hortante Camena
Excutienda damus præcordia: quantaque nostræ
Pars tua sit Cornute animæ, tibi dulcis amice
Ostendisse juvat: pulsa, dignoscere cautus
Quid solidum crepet, & pictæ tectoria linguæ.
His ego centenas ausim deprecere voces:
Ut quantum mihi te sinuoso in pectore fixi,
Voce traham pura: totumque hoc verba resignent,
Quod latet arcana non enarrabile fibra.
Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit,
Bullaque succinctis laribus donata pependit:
Cum blandi comites, totaque impune Suburra
Permisit sparsisse oculos jam candidus umbo:
Cumque iter ambiguum est, et vitæ nescius error
Diducit trepidas ramosa in compita mentes,

Skill'd in smooth words keen satire to convey,
 And faults to censure whilst thou seem'st in play;
 Hence know thy task, let Atreus feast prepare,
 Rest thou contented with plebeian fare.
P. 'Tis true, on lofty themes I seldom dwell,
 Nor love with empty sounds my verse to swell.
 But now, my gentle friend, while thus the hours,
 While even the inspiring Muse herself is ours,
 Let me my heart unfold, and there disclose
 The generous love which for Cornutus glows.
 An hundred voices now I dare to ask,
 For praising thee becomes thy poet's task:
 Nor think these words a flattering Muse has sung;
 They fall not varnish'd from a faithless tongue:
 They leave my bosom to thy view reveal'd,
 And own the secret which it long conceal'd.
 When first, a timid youth, I knew the town,
 Exchanged the purple for the virile gown,
 The golden bulla from my neck unstrung,
 The sacred bauble by the Lares hung,
 From harsh restraint the first enlargement knew,
 And crowds of parasites around me drew;
 When the white shield, by youthful warriors worn,
 Through all the streets of Rome by me was borne;
 When too the martial dress forbade reproof,
 And kept each friendly monitor aloof:
 At that green age, when error most beguiles,
 And Vice puts on her most seductive smiles,
 Allures from virtue unsuspecting youth,
 And teaches folly to abandon truth;

Me tibi supposui : teneros tu suscipis annos
 Socratico Cornute sinu : tunc fallere sollers
 Apposita intortos extendit regula mores :
 Et premitur ratione animus, vincique laborat,
 Artificemque tuo ducit sub pollice vultum.
 Tecum etenim longos memini consumere soles,
 Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes.
 Unum opus, et requiem pariter disponimus ambo,
 Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.
 Non equidem hoc dubites, amborum fœdere certo
 Consentire dies, et ab uno sidere duci.
 Nostra vel æquali suspendit tempora Libra
 Parca tenax veri, seu nata fidelibus hora
 Dividit in Geminos concordia fata duorum :
 Saturnumque gravem nostro Jove frangimus una.
 Nescio quod, certe est quod me tibi temperat, astrum.
 Mille hominum species, et rerum discolor usus :
 Velle suum cuique est, nec voto vivitur uno.
 Mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti
 Rugosum piper, et pallentis grana cumini :

To thee, Cornutus, I myself resign'd,
 To thee entrusted my uncultured mind.
 Thy gentle bosom, O Socratic sage,
 Proved the best refuge to my tender age:
 My young and pliant spirit clung to thine,
 As to its guardian oak the shooting vine.
 Train'd by thy hand, and moulded by thy will,
 I was thy scholar and companion still;
 With thee I saw the summer sun arise,
 With thee beheld him gild the evening skies:
 Well pleased from feasts the twilight hours to steal,
 And share with thee a philosophic meal.
 On us, my friend, like fortune still awaits,
 And stars consenting have conjoin'd our fates.
 Whether by chance our lives were both begun,
 When equal Libra had received the sun;
 Whether our lots the Twins between them share,
 And those, who love like them, have made their care;
 Whether malignant Saturn's clouded hour
 Was cross'd for us, by Jove's prevailing power;
 The stars I know not, which do thus combine
 To regulate my destiny by thine.
 Of men and manners there are various kinds,
 And life seems still to alter with our minds;
 By turns the picture renovates and fades,
 Its colours shifting to a thousand shades:
 No single passion rules mankind alone,
 But each has one peculiarly his own.
 His Tuscan wares, on India's burning shores,
 The merchant barter for her spicy stores.

Hic satur, irriguo mavult turgescere somno:
Hic campo indulget: hunc alea decoquit: ille
In Venerem putret: sed cum lapidosa chiragra
Fregerit articulos veteris ramalia fagi,
Tunc crassos transisse dies, lucemque palustrem,
Et sibi jam seri vitam ingemuere relictam.
At te nocturnis juvat impallescere chartis.
Cultor enim es juvenum: purgatas inseris aures
Frugae Cleanthea: petite hinc juvenesque senesque
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet, quid? quasi magnum
Nempe diem donas, sed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras hesternum consumsimus: ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone sub uno

Here, one in drunken stupor loves to lie,
 Here, one prefers the chase, and one the die.
 Another here, indulging sensual joys,
 His health for Venus wantonly destroys;
 But when, at length, in all his aking bones
 The racking gout creates the chalky stones,
 When all his limbs distorted by disease,
 Like knotted branches of misshapen trees,
 Proclaim old age and sorrow come too soon,
 An early evening, and a clouded noon;
 The pallid victim, at himself aghast,
 Mourns when too late enjoyments that are past.
 Thee it delights, by the nocturnal oil,
 In learning's fair and fruitful fields to toil;
 To scatter round thy Cleanthean corn,
 And youthful minds to polish and adorn.
 Lay up, ye youth, and ye with age grown grey,
 Some mental stores ere nature feel decay;
 Propose some purpose to the active mind,
 Ere yet your setting sun be quite declined;
 Ere yet you reach that last unhappy state,
 Where life stands trembling on the brink of fate;
 When all the prospects of this world are o'er,
 Pleasures delight, and hope deceives no more.
 "To-morrow we shall choose another way."
 To-morrow passes like the former day.
 "Ah, but to-morrow something shall be done,
 "We wait impatient for to-morrow's sun."
 But still another day is like the last;
 The hour of promised change already past.

Vertentem sese, frustra sectabere canthum,
 Cum rota posterior curras, et in axe secundo.
 Libertate opus est: non hac, ut quisque Velinâ
 Publius emeruit scabiosum tesserula far
 Possidet. Heu steriles verî, quibus una Quiritem
 Vertigo facit: hic Dama est non tressis agaso,
 Vappa, et lippus, et in tenui farragine mendax.
 Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
 Marcas Dama, papæ! Marco spondente recusas
 Credere tu nummos? Marco sub iudice palles?
 Marcus dixit: ita est, adsigna Marce tabellas.
 Hæc mera libertas, hoc nobis pilea donant.
 An quisquam est alius liber, nisi ducere vitam
 Cui licet, ut voluit? licet, ut volo, vivere: non sim
 Liberior Bruto? Mendose colligis, inquit

See, while the victor's chariot gains the goal,
 The rapid wheels on glowing axles roll ;
 Their circling orbs impell'd with equal force,
 With equal swiftness trace each other's course ;
 The hinder pair pursue the first in vain,
 Their distance keep, but no advantage gain :
 So flying Time is follow'd close by you,
 He still escaping, while you still pursue.
 Let us speak out. 'Tis liberty we need :
 Not such as wretches vaunt, from bondage freed :
 Not such as every Publius may obtain,
 Who takes his quota of divided grain,
 Who dares the rights of citizen to claim,
 And fix a proud prænomen to his name.
 Besotted race ! is thus a Roman made ?
 By this one turn are all his rights convey'd ?
 Here Dama stands, a worthless stupid slave,
 A blear-eyed villain, and a cheating knave :
 But let his master turn this varlet round,
 And *Marcus Dama* is a Roman found.
Marcus is bound : your money do you grudge ?
 You need not fear, 'tis *Marcus* sits as judge.
Marcus said thus.—Nay, then the thing is true.
Marcus, the will must first be sign'd by you.
 O sacred liberty ! O name profaned !
 Are thus thine honours, and thy rights obtain'd ?
 No, 'tis not wealth which lifts the soul to thee,
 Nor yet thy cap, which makes the wearer free !
 " My pleasure is my law, by that I go.
 " What greater freedom did your Brutus know ? "

Stoicus hic, aurem mordaci lotus aceto.
 Hoc (reliquum accipio), LICET ILLUD, et, UT VOLO,
 tolle,
 Vindicta, postquam meus à prætore recessi,
 Cur mihi non liceat jussit quodcunque voluntas,
 Excepto si quid Masuri rubrica vetavit?
 Disce : sed ira cadat naso, rugosaque sanna,
 Dum veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.
 Non prætoris erat stultis dare tenuia rerum
 Officia, atque usum rapidæ permittere vitæ.
 Sambucam citius caloni aptaveris alto.
 Stat contra ratio, et secretam garrit in aurem,
 Ne liceat facere id, quod quis vitiabit agendo.
 Publica lex hominum, naturaque continet hoc fas,
 Ut teneat vetitos inscitia debilis actus.
 Diluis helleborum certo compescere puncto
 Nescius examen : vetat hoc natura medendi,
 Navem si poscat sibi peronatus arator

Ah, falsely urged, the indignant Stoic cries,
 (Who thinks the truly free to be the wise).
 "E'er since the prætor's wand hath changed my doom,
 "And made the slave the citizen of Rome,
 "My will alone my passions have obey'd,
 "Save where my country and its laws forbade."
 Listen; but lay that haughty frown aside,
 That sneer, produced by prejudice and pride;
 Whilst from thy breast those noxious weeds I tear,
 Which fools have sown, and thou hast nurtur'd there.
 'Tis not the prætor, nor the prætor's wand,
 Which o'er itself can give the mind command,
 Which can instruct the unreflecting fool
 The stormy passions of his soul to rule;
 To fix the lifted eye on things sublime,
 While his swift bark glides down the stream of time.
 The clown shall sooner catch the poet's fire,
 And touch with skilful hand the tuneful lyre.
 Reason condemns the unavailing toil,
 Which fondly cultivates a sterile soil;
 Forbids the effort where, through want of skill,
 The end proposed rests unaccomplish'd still.
 The laws of nature and of man declare,
 That ignorance from action should forbear.
 'Tis not for you the medicine to compose,
 To mix the hellebore, a dangerous dose;
 The grains to weigh, the healing art to try,
 Who know not when the balance hangs awry.
 If, quitting all the labours of the plain,
 The hind should launch his vessel on the main;

Luciferi rudis, exclamet Melicerta perisse
 Frontem de rebus. Tibi recto vivere talo
 Ars dedit? et veri speciem dinoscere calles,
 Ne qua subærato mendosam tinniat auro?
 Quæque sequenda forent, quæque evitanda vicissim,
 Illa prius creta, mox hæc carbone notasti?
 Es modicus voti, presso lare, dulcis amicis:
 Jam nunc astringas, jam nunc granaria laxes:
 Inque luto fixum possis transcendere nummum:
 Nec glutto sorbere salivam Mercurialem?
 Hæc mea sunt, teneo, cum vere dixeris, esto
 Liberque, ac sapiens, prætoribus, ac Jove dextro,
 Sin tu, cum fueris nostræ paulo ante farinæ,
 Pelliculam veterem retines, et fronte politus
 Astutam vapido servas sub pectore vulpem:
 Quæ dederam supra repeto, funemque reduco.
 Nil tibi concessit ratio, digitum exere, peccas:
 Et quid tam parvum est? sed nullo thure litabis,
 Hæreat in stultis brevis ut semuncia recti.
 Hæc miscere nefas: nec cum sis cætera fossor,
 Treis tantum ad numeros satyri moveare Bathylli.
 Liber ego, unde datum hoc sumis tot subdite rebus?
 An dominum ignoras, nisi quem vindicta relaxat?
 I puer, et strigiles Crispini ad balnea defer.
 Si increpuit, Cessas nugator? servitium acre.
 Te nihil impellit: nec quicquam extrinsecus intrat,
 Quod nervos agitet, sed si intus, et in jecore ægro
 Nascantur domini, quâ tu impunitior exis,
 Atque hic, quem ad strigiles scutica, et metus egitherilis?

Indignant Nereids through the deep would cry,
 That shame had left the earth, and sought the sky.
 Has art instructed thee to reason well?
 Its semblance, from the truth, at once to tell?
 On fleeting things to set their proper price,
 And mark the bounds of virtue and of vice?
 Dost thou know when to save, and when to spend,
 A prudent master, but a generous friend?
 Canst thou unmoved another's wealth behold,
 The treasure view, nor sigh to gain the gold?—
 When virtues, such as these, belong to thee,
 Then let propitious Jove ordain thee free.
 But if beneath a new and glossy skin,
 The same envenom'd serpent lurk within;
 If still thy passions do their power retain,
 I must retract, and call thee slave again.
 Imperious reason holds despotic rule,
 And even his slightest actions mark the fool.
 In vain for him whole clouds of incense rise,
 In vain he wishes to be counted wise.
 The clown shall sooner, when soft music plays,
 By nimble motion catch the people's gaze,
 With young Bathyllus in the group advance,
 And lead, like him, the graces in the dance.
 Imagine not, while passions keep their sway,
 That you no master but yourself obey.
 What though you've knelt beneath the prætor's wand,
 And in your turn submissive slaves command:
 Are there not tyrants which usurp your soul,
 Divide your bosom, and your will control?

Mane piger stertis : Surge, inquit Avaritia ; eja
 Surge, negas, instat, Surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge.
 Et quid agam ? Rogitas ? saperdas advehe Ponto,
 Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa :
 Tolle recens primus piper è sitiante camelo.
 Verte aliquid ; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet : eheu.
 Varo, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
 Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.
 Jam pueris pellem succinctus, et œnophorum aptas
 Ocyus ad navem : nihil obstat, quin trabe vasta
 Ægæum rapias, nisi sollers luxuria ante
 Seductum moneat : Quò deinde insane ruis ? quò ?
 Quid tibi vis ? calido sub pectore mascula bilis
 Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.
 Tun' mare transilias ? tibi torta cannabe fulto
 Cœna sit in transtro, Vejentanumque rubellum
 Exhalet vapida læsum pice sessilis obba ?
 Quid petis ? ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
 Nutrieras, pergant-avidos sudare deunces ?

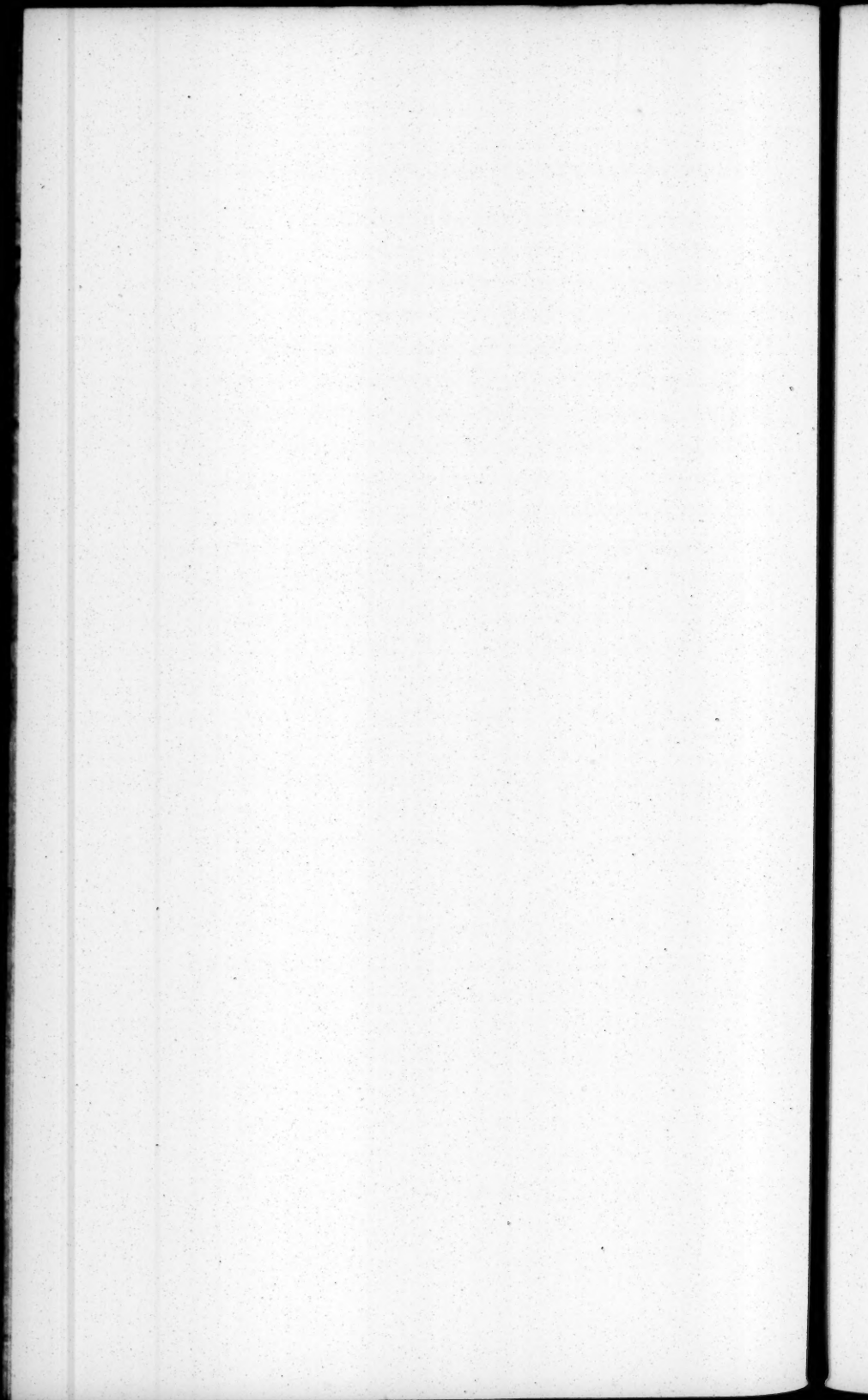
But hark, a voice ;—'tis Avarice that cries,
 " The day advances fast, for shame, arise."
 Back on his bed the drowsy sluggard falls ;
 Again he sleeps, again his tyrant calls.
 " Arise, I say, arise." But what to do ?
 " Wealth through the world at every risk pursue.
 " Bring luscious wines from Coa's fruitful shores ;
 " Transport from Asia half its vaunted stores ;
 " Dare the wild wastes of Afric's sterile soil :
 " Thy camels load with Oriental spoil ;
 " Defraud, deceive, make money if you can,
 " Nor think that Jove will disapprove the plan :
 " He who on earth for heaven alone shall live,
 " Will know full soon how much the gods can give."
 Awhile the voice of Avarice prevails ;
 Already in your thoughts you spread the sails ;
 The famed Egean in your mind explore,
 And brave the stormy Euxine's barbarous shore.
 But still as on your downy bed you lie,
 You hear the voice of Luxury reply.
 " Whither, O madman, whither wouldst thou run ;
 " Across what seas, beneath what sultry sun ?
 " Is then thy bile so hot as to require
 " Whole urns of hemlock to assuage the fire ;
 " A sparing supper canst thou stoop to eat,
 " Bad wine thy beverage, and a rope thy seat :
 " And this, to add a trifle to thy store,
 " And swell the sum, which was enough before ?
 " Ah think, vain schemer, how the moments fly ;
 " The instant now observed is time gone by.

Indulge genio, carpemus dulcia : nostrum est,
 Quod vivis : cinis, et manes, et fabula fies.
 Vive memor leti : fugit hora : hoc, quod loquor, inde est.
 En quid agis ? duplici in diversum scinderis hamo :
 Hunc cinea, an hunc sequeris ? subeas alternus oportet
 Ancipiti obsequio dominos ; alternus oberres.
 Nec tu, cum obstiteris semel instantique negaris
 Parere imperio, Rupi jam vincula, dicas.
 Nam et luctata canis nodum abripit : attamen illi
 Cum fugit, à collo trahitur pars longa catenæ.
 Dave, cito, hoc credas jubeo, finire dolores
 Præteritos meditor : (crudum Chærestratus unguem
 Abrodens ait hæc) An siccis dedecus obstem
 Cognatis ? an rem patriam rumore sinistro
 Limen ad obscœnum frangam, dum Chrysidis udas
 Ebrius ante fores extincta cum face canto ?
 Euge puer, sapias : diis depellentibus agnam
 Percute. Sed censen', plorabit Dave relicta ?
 Nugaris : solea, puer, objurgabere rubra,
 Ne trepidare velis, atque artos rodere casses.
 Nunc ferus, et violens : at si vocet, Haud mora, dicas,
 Quidnam igitur faciam ? ne nunc, cum accersat, et ultro
 Supplicet, accedam ? Si totus et integer illinc
 Exieras, nec nunc, hic hic, quem quærimus, hic est :
 Non in festuca, lictor quam jactat ineptus.
 Jus habet ille sui palpo quem ducit hiantem
 Cretata ambitio ? Vigila, et ciceringere large
 Rixanti populo, nostra ut Floralia possint

"Seize then the hour; thy way with roses strew;
 "Thy days make happy, for they must be few.
 "Enjoy the world ere yet oblivion be,
 "And dust and ashes all that rest of thee."
 Thus in their turns your masters you obey,
 Pursue now one, and now another way.
 Between two baits have liberty to choose,
 That you may take, and that you may refuse.
 But think not long your freedom to retain;
 The dog broke loose still drags the galling chain.
 Who has not heard the lover in the play,
 In frenzy raving, to his servant say?—
 "Shall I then, Davus, long my parent's care,
 "Waste all the wealth of which they made me heir;
 "For Chryses, live the shame of all my race,
 "By them consider'd as their worst disgrace?
 "Shall I on her with midnight music wait,
 "And hold late revels at a harlot's gate?"
 "Spoke like yourself;" cries Davus, "haste, and kill
 "A lambkin to the gods averting ill.
 "But should she weep?" "And dost thou tremble, boy,
 "Lest her correcting slipper she employ?"
 He who commands himself, is only free.
 If any wear not chains, this—this—is he.
 His freedom comes not through the prætor's hand,
 Nor owes its being to a lictor's wand.
 Are those men free, who wear the chalky gown,
 Canvass the mob, and struggle for renown,
 That future gossips, basking in the sun,
 May tell what feats at Flora's feasts were done?

Aprici meminisse senes; quid pulchrius? at cum
 Herodis venere dies, unctaque fenestra
 Dispositæ pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernæ
 Portantes violas, rubrumque amplexa catinum
 Cauda natat thynni, tumet alba fidelia vino:
 Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque sabbata palles.
 Tunc nigri lemures, ovoque pericula rupto:
 Hinc grandes Galli, et cum sistro lusca sacerdos,
 Incussere deos inflantes corpora, si non
 Prædictum ter mane caput gustaveris allî.
 Dixeris hæc inter varicosos centuriones,
 Continuo crassum ridet Vulfenius ingens,
 Et centum Græcos curto centusse licetur.

But now the troubled times of tumult past,
 The reign of superstition comes at last.
 The fatted calf, the milk white heifer slay,
 And feasts prepare for Herod's natal day.
 Let colour'd lamps from every window beam,
 Fat clouds of incense rise in oily steam,
 Bright censers burn with flowery garlands crown'd,
 And blooming violets breathe odours round.
 Let hungry Jews at your rich banquets sup,
 And wines luxuriant sparkle in their cup.
 In whispers mutter the mysterious prayer,
 And tremble at the rites yourselves prepare.
 Now fancied evils fill you with affright,
 Omens by day, and visions in the night:
 Cybebe's shrines you visit with her priests,
 Behold their orgies, and partake their feasts.
 While the blind priestess incantations makes,
 And o'er your heads the sounding sistrum shakes;
 With direful omens all your souls alarms,
 And guards you round with amulets and charms.
 Now should you teach this doctrine to the crowd,
 Some military fool would laugh aloud,
 At a clipp'd farthing all the sages prize,
 Whom Athens valued, and whom Greece thought wise.



THE
SATIRES OF PERSIUS.

SATIRE VI.

SATIRA VI.

AD CÆSIUM BASSUM.

V. 1—12.

ADMOVIT jam bruma foco te, Basse, Sabino?
Jamne lyra, et tetrico vivunt tibi pectine chordæ?
Mire opifex numeris veterum primordia rerum,
Atque marem strepitum fidis intendisse Latinæ,
Mox juvenes agitare jocos, et pollice honesto
Egregios luisse senes? mihi nunc Ligus ora
Intepet, hybernatque meum mare, qua latus ingens
Dant scopuli, et multa littus se valle receptat.
Lunai portum est operæ cognoscere cives.
Cor jubet hoc Enni, postquam destertuit esse
Mæonides, Quintus pavone ex Pythagoreo.
Heic ego securus vulgi, et quid præparet Auster

SATIRE VI.

ADDRESSED TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

V. 1—22.

HATH the stern aspect of the winter sky
Compell'd thee, Bassus, yet from Rome to fly;
From crowded streets and temples to retire,
In Sabine solitudes to string the lyre?
Dost thou, O wondrous artist, now rehearse,
In all the majesty of Latin verse,
How from the first great cause existence sprung,
While brooding night o'er inert matter hung?
Or is gay youth delighted by thy page,
Or does thy sprightly satire rally age?
For me, I seek, while distant tempests roar,
A warm retirement on Liguria's shore,
Where circling rocks an ample valley form,
And Luna's port lies shelter'd from the storm.
Thy Muse, O Ennius, sung this tranquil scene,
This sea cærulean, and this sky serene.
Thy spirit now, its earthly labours o'er,
Lives in thy verse, and transmigrates no more.
No tumults here disturb my peaceful life,
No loud declaimers bent on public strife.
Unheedful too of winter's rage I sleep,
Though Auster threaten, and Aquarius weep.

Infelix pecori : securus, et angulus ille
 Vicini, nostro quia pinguior : et si adeo omnes
 Ditescant orti pejoribus, usque recusem
 Curvus ob id minui senio, aut cœnare sine uncto,
 Et signum in vapida naso tetigisse lagena.
 Discrepet his alius. Geminos horoscope varo
 Producis genio. Solis natalibus, est qui
 Tigat olus siccum muria vafer in calice empta,
 Ipse sacrum inrorans patinæ piper : hic bona dente
 Grandia magnanimus peragit puer : utar ego, utar ?
 Nec rhombos ideo libertis ponere lautus,
 Nec tenuem sollers turdarum nosse salivam.
 Messe tenuis propria vive : et granaria (fas est)
 Emole, quid metuas ? occa : et seges altera in herba est.
 Ast vocat officium : trabe rupta, Bruttia saxa
 Prendit amicus inops : remque omnem, surdaque vota
 Condidit Ionio : jacet ipse in littore, et una
 Ingentes de puppe Dei : jamque obvia mergis

I view my neighbour's fields, nor yet repine
 That his estate will soon be double mine :
 Though in his wealth I see the upstart roll,
 Yet purest wine still sparkles in my bowl ;
 Though he grow rich, yet I content can sup ;
 Nor hate nor envy mingles in my cup.
 To different men were different lots assign'd,
 And fate still separates, whom planets join'd ;
 In life opposed, though at their natal hour
 The Twins ascendant shed their mutual power.
 Here one, on festal day, prepares to dine,
 Dips the dried olive in the salted brine ;
 Picks up the crumb, which must not go to waste,
 And sprinkles pepper on the mouldy paste.
 Another here, no fears of want appal,
 Spendthrift of treasures, prodigal of all.
 For me, I spend the sum I can afford,
 And modest plenty crowns my humble board.
 As corn abounds, so measure out your grain,
 Nor let vain fears your liberal hand restrain.
 If now but just enough the granary yields,
 The future harvest ripens on the fields.
 With friends, you cry, your wealth you must divide,
 For them, when fortune frowns, you must provide.
 Lo, where one stands, wreck'd on the Bruttian coast,
 His prayers unheeded, and his treasures lost.
 Far floating on the surge, you may discern
 The broken rudder and the painted stern ;
 His guardian gods are toss'd by angry waves,
 His brethren buried in their watery graves.

Costa ratis laceræ : nunc et de cespite vivo
Frange aliquid : largire inopi, ne pictus oberret
Cærulea in tabula. Sed cœnam funeris heres
Negliget, iratus quòd rem curtaveris : urnæ
Ossa inodora dabit : seu spirent cinnama surdum,
Seu ceraso pèccent casia nescire paratus.
Tunc bona incolumis minuas ? et Bestius urget
Doctores Graios. Ita fit, postquam sapere urbi
Cum pipere, et palmis venit nostrum hoc maris experts,
Fœnisecæ crasso vitiantur unguine pultes.
Hæc cinere ulteriore metuas ! at tu, meus heres
Quisquis eris, paulum à turba seductior audi :

Unlock your stores, put forth your saving hand,
 Nor let your kinsman wander on the strand;
 To passing strangers tell his tale of woe,
 And the blue picture of his shipwreck show.
 Thus urged, you cry that your unfeeling heir
 Will blame the deed, and curse your generous care:
 No honours due shall at your grave be paid,
 No prayers shall bless, no rites shall soothe your shade:
 No crowd of mourners shall attend your tomb,
 No torches burn, no casia round it bloom.
 How long shall we, indignant Bestius cries,
 Adopt the customs conquer'd Greece supplies?
 These funeral honours render'd at the tomb,
 Are strange to Italy, are new to Rome.
 Time was, he adds, when foreign climes unknown,
 Our speech was simple, and our style our own;
 Our frugal fare, the produce of the soil,
 Required no dates, no pepper, and no oil.
 Now through all ranks luxurious pleasures spread,
 And Vice unblushing stands in Virtue's stead:
 Rome's warlike Genius, humbled in the dust,
 His laurel soil'd, his armour stain'd with rust,
 Walks in her train, assumes her spotted robe,
 And sheathes that sword which had subdued the globe.
 In silken cords his palsied hands are bound,
 His reverend head with folly's cap is crown'd;
 With him the sons of revelry advance,
 And Bacchants sing, and Satyrs round him dance.
 O thou, my heir, whoe'er thou art, attend;
 Trust not to me, nor on my wealth depend.

O bone num ignoras? missa est à Cæsare laurus
Insignem ob cladem Germanæ pubis, et aris
Frigidus excutitur cinis: ac jam postibus arma,
Jam chlamydes regum, jam lutea gausapa captis,
Essedaque, ingentesque locat Cæsonia Rhenos:
Diis igitur, genioque ducis centum paria, ob res
Egregie gestas, induco: quis vetat? aude.
Væ, nisi connives, Oleum, artocreasque popello
Largior: an prohibes? dic clare: Non adeo, inquis,
Exossatus ager juxta est. Age, si mihi nulla
Jam reliqua ex amitis, patruelis nulla, proneptis
Nulla manet patrui, sterilis matertera vixit,
Deque avia nihilum superest: accedo Bovillas,
Clivumque ad Virbi: præsto est mihi Manius heres.
Progenies terræ? quære ex me, quis mihi quartus
Sit pater: haud prompte, dicam tamen, adde etiam unum,
Unum etiam, terræ est jam filius; et mihi ritu
Manius hic generis prope major avunculus exit.
Qui prior es, cur me in decursu lampada poscas?
Sum tibi Mercurius: venio deus huc ego, ut ille

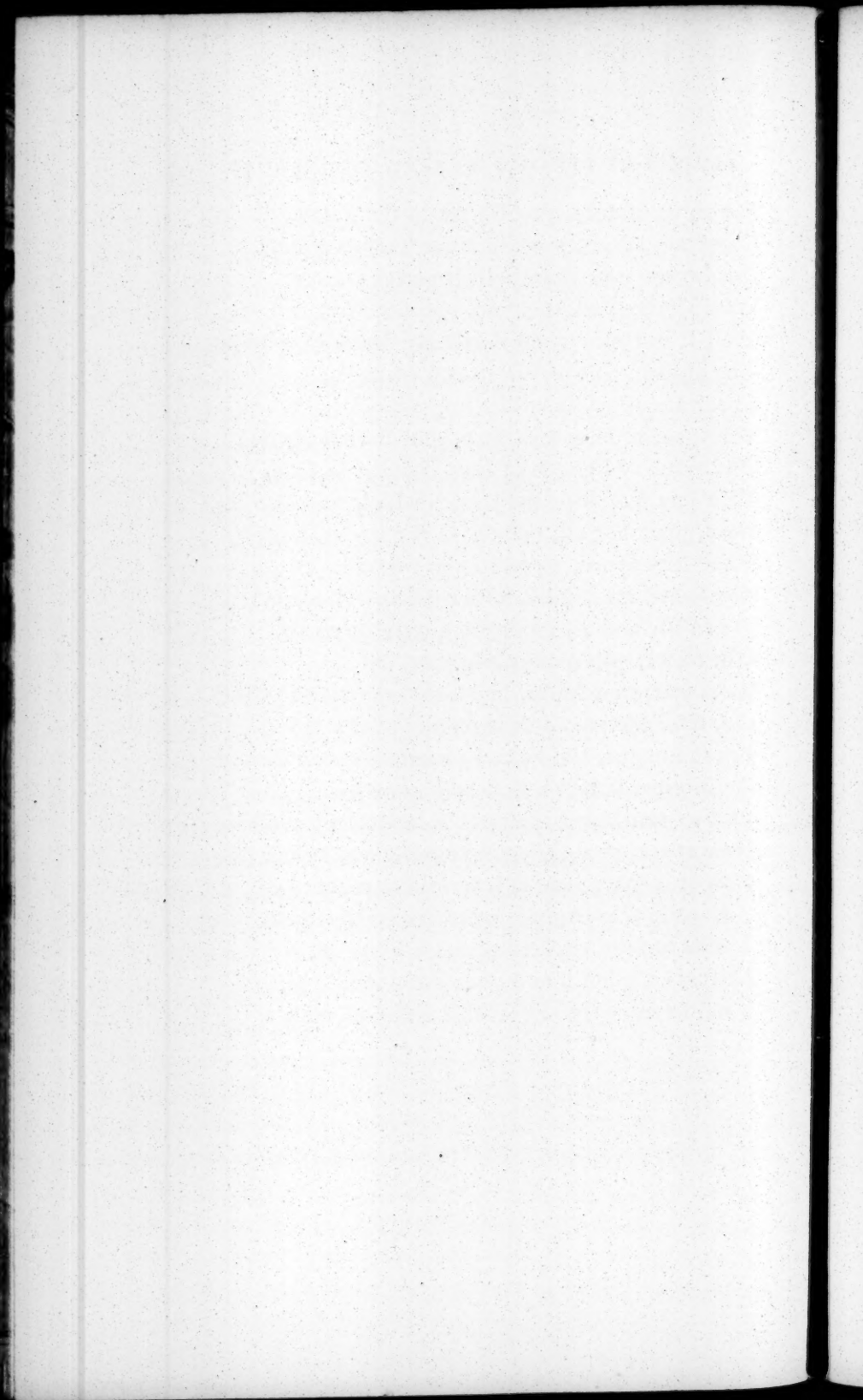
Lo, Cæsar triumphs on Germania's plains,
 And binds her hardy sons with Roman chains;
 Cæsonia shows the trophies won in war,
 The regal mantle, and the gilded car.
 Exulting Rome bids all her altars blaze,
 Through all her streets proclaims the victor's praise.
 Shall I not then, to join the festive joy,
 Unlock my coffers, and my wealth employ?
 Two hundred gladiators straight I'll pay,
 To grace the shows, and celebrate the day.
 Who blames my conduct? Do you mutter still?
 Another word, and I have changed my will.
 Away, away, I soon shall find an heir,
 Though my own stock no kindred plant should bear;
 I'll seek Bovillæ, to Aricia go,
 And on poor Manius all my wealth bestow.
 "What, on a peasant, born of humble birth,
 "A wretch obscure, the progeny of earth?"
 'Tis even so; and thus I trace his line,
 And find his origin the same with mine.
 Ah! think, my friend, while you impatient wait,
 And grieve that my last hour should come so late;
 Think, after you in life's career I ran,
 And last should finish, what I last began.
 Your eyes no more their wonted fire disclose,
 From your pale cheek is fled health's living rose:
 Fled too the morn of life, its balmy dews,
 Its purple light, and all its orient hues:
 Can you then hope my funeral pile to raise,
 To place the urn, or bid the torches blaze?

Pingitur : an renuis ? vin' tu gaudere relictis ?
 Deest aliquid summæ : minui mihi : sed tibi totum est,
 Quicquid id est. Ubi sit, fuge quærere, quod mihi
 quondam

Legarat Tadius : neu dicta repone paterna :
 Fœnoris accedat merces : hinc exime sumptus :
 Quid reliquum est ? reliquum ? nunc nunc impensius
 unge,

Unge puer caules. Mihi festa luce coquatur
 Urtica, et fissa fumosum sinciput aure :
 Ut tuus iste nepos olim satur anseris extis,
 Cum morosa vago singultiet inguine vena,
 Patriciæ immeiat vulvæ ? mihi trama figuræ
 Sit reliqua ; ast illi tremat omento popa venter ?
 Vende animam lucro, mercare, atque excute sollers
 Omne latus mundi ; ne sit præstantior alter,
 Cappadocas rigida pingues plausisse catasta.
 Rem duplica. Feci : jam triplex : jam mihi quartò,
 Jam decies reddit in rugam. Depinge, ubi sistam.
 Inventus, Chrysispe, tui finitor acervi.

But if, by chance, you lay me in the grave,
 Enjoy my stores, nor ask what Tadius gave.
 Nor let me now those selfish precepts hear
 Which misers whisper in a spendthrift's ear.
 Shall I, in times when mirth and freedom reign,
 The joyful voice of merriment restrain;
 Check the gay spirits kindling with delight,
 When social pleasures flow, and friends invite;
 On herbs, and cheek of hog, content to dine,
 That you may own the wealth which now is mine?
 Here, pour the oil, nor spare the spices, boy;
 Time flies apace, we must the world enjoy;
 Nor hoard for others, who shall spend our store,
 When life and all its joys are ours no more.
 Go, miser, go, in avarice grown old,
 Raise heaps on heaps, increase the mass of gold:
 Go, dare the storms and terrors of the main;
 Brave hunger, thirst, and pawn your soul for gain:
 As interest bids, be sure to buy or sell;
 Still as you hoard the mighty heap shall swell:—
 Now twice, now thrice the sum it was before;—
 Now it is five; now it is ten times more:—
 O good Chrysippus, you who sagely found
 Limits to number, and to space a bound,
 Instruct me here, and your assistance lend,
 That to this growing wealth I find an end.



NOTES.

HAVING written pretty ample notes upon the Satires of Persius, it was my intention to have published a much larger volume than that which I now offer to my readers. I have, however, been induced, at least for the present, to suppress almost all my notes. The few following are selected from the rest for publication, chiefly because they contain some observations relative to my own version.

SATIRE II.

Ver. 14. ——— Nerio jam tertia ducitur uxor.

In rendering *ducitur* in this passage, I have followed the opinion of Casaubon. (Some of the old copies erroneously have it *conditur*.) See also the Thesaurus of Stephanus.

SATIRE III.

Ver. 4. ——— Quintâ dum linea tangitur umbrâ.

Most of the commentators upon Persius have understood him in this place, to mean eleven o'clock, A. M. I have not specified the particular hour. The

Romans divided the natural day, *i. e.* from sun-rising to sun-setting, into twelve hours. Hence the length of those hours was the same only twice a year. The distinction made by the Romans, between the civil and the natural day, is thus explained by Censorinus. *Dies partim naturalis, partim civilis. Naturalis dies, tempus ab oriente sole, ad solis occasum, cujus contrarium est tempus nox, ab occasu solis ad ortum; civilis autem dies vocatur tempus, quod fit uno cæli circuitu, quo dies verus et nox continentur.*

It appears that the Romans were acquainted with the use of sun-dials before the first Punic war. Pliny says, that Lucius Papirius Cursor placed a dial on the temple of Quirinus eleven years previous to that period. He observes, that Fabius Vestalis, upon whose authority he states this fact, has not mentioned either the method according to which the dial was constructed, the artificer who made it, whence it was brought, or in what author he found it described.

It is to be suspected, that the Roman dials were not very exact. Seneca says, *facilius inter philosophos, quam inter horologia, conveniet.* Salmasius thinks, that only eleven lines were drawn on the dials. See what Cassiodorus, who wrote in the sixth century, has said de Horologio Solari.

Vitruvius ascribes the invention of water-clocks to Ctesibius of Alexandria. They were introduced at Rome by Scipio Nasica; and were first employed in the consulship of Pompey, to regulate the length of the speeches made in the forum. In this the Romans

copied the Athenians. It appears from Eschines, that in the public trials at Athens certain portions of time were allowed to the accuser, as well as to the prisoner, and the judge. These divisions of time were regulated by a water-clock. No orator was permitted to speak after his time had elapsed, nor without the water was poured into the *clepsydra*, could he commence his discourse. Sigonius has quoted several authorities to prove the use of the water-clock among the Athenians; and to show that it regulated the length of public orations. I observe, however, he has not cited the following words from Demosthenes, in his celebrated speech *de falsa legatione*. Οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ κρίνομαι τήμερον οὐδ' ἐγχεῖ μετὰ τῶνδ' ὕδωρ εἰς ἑμοί.

It is probable, that the Greeks were instructed by the Egyptians in the art of making the *clepsydra*, or water-clock. That ingenious people generally formed this machine with a *cynocephalus* sculptured upon it; a name by which it is sometimes called. *Sunt qui tradunt*, says a learned author, *cynocephalum non modo meiere sed etiam latrare singulis horis*. The imaginary animal, called a *cynocephalus* by the Egyptians, was supposed to be an ape with a dog's head. It is mentioned twice by Pliny, and, I think, once by Solinus.

I am led to believe that the Egyptians were acquainted with the use of sun-dials even in very remote periods. I agree with Gouget, that their obelisks were originally intended to serve as gnomons: but ingenuity would soon contract the size of the gnomon; and it may be presumed, would render it more useful upon

a smaller scale. This I can the more easily believe, because the astronomical science of the Egyptians was undoubtedly profound; and from the accuracy with which they calculated the greater divisions of time, such as cycles, years, and months, it is probable they would endeavour to measure its minuter portions with equal exactness.

It appears, indeed, that the very name given to the regular divisions of the day, by the Greeks and Romans, is taken from an Egyptian word; and that *Horus*, though undoubtedly altered in the termination, is the original of *ῥῆα hora*, whence so many modern nations derive words of similar signification. *Apud eos (nempe Ægyptios)*, says Macrobius, *Apollo qui et Sol Horus vocatur, ex quo et horæ viginti quatuor, quibus dies noxque conficitur, nomen acceperunt.*

Some authors seem inclined to throw doubts on this derivation made by Macrobius. But I am induced to think, if *Horus* was an appellation of the sun, considered with respect to a particular period of the year, the etymology is very far from being fanciful or forced. Still less will it appear to be so, when compared with that of *Horapollo*, who derives the Egyptian word from the Greek Ἡλιος δε Ὀρος ἀπο τῆ τῶν ὥρων κρατεῖν. It has been supposed, upon the authority of Epiphanius, that *Horus* and *Harpocrates* were the same (*Cuperus in Harpocrate*). But I am inclined to think with Jablonski, that they were distinct. The Egyptians symbolically represented the sun under the name of *Harpocrates* when it passed the winter solstice, and rose

from the lower hemisphere. Again, the solar orb was distinguished by the name of *Horus*, when, immediately before and after entering the sign of Leo, it poured upon the world the full blaze of its meridian glory. This opinion is confirmed by the signification of the word *horus*; which in Egyptian, according to Salmasius, was lord or king, though more properly the latter. Some have erroneously derived it from the Hebrew *אור*, fire or light; and Jablonski, with still less appearance of plausibility, understands *horus* to have been an Egyptian word, which signified *virtus effectrix vel causalis*.

Ver. 11. ——— *Nodosaque venit arundo.*

As I have translated *arundo* literally a reed, it may perhaps be proper to inform some of my readers, that the Romans made pens of reeds, as we do of quills. They were seldom of Italian growth, but were generally gathered in other countries. *Chartis serviunt calami; Egyptii maxime cognatione quadam papyri; probatiores tamen Gnidii et qui in Asia circum Anaiticum lacum nascuntur.* Dioscorides, in speaking of this kind of reed, calls it *πολυσαρκος*. But it is difficult to understand this, unless we suppose the fleshy or pithy part of the reed was dried before using. See what Tournefort, Chardin, and other modern travellers, have said concerning the reeds employed for pens in the Levant.

Some have thought, that the ancients made use of quills. They quote the following words of Juvenal.

— *tanquam ex diversis partibus orbis*
Anxia præcipiti venisset epistola penna.

But the expression of the poet is evidently figurative. It is true, an ancient writer informs us in one instance, that as news were good or bad, a laurel or a feather was ordered to be fixed on the letter, which conveyed the intelligence. These authors have mentioned the figure of Egeria with greater reason, who is represented with a pen in her hand. Beckmann, however, supposes the pen to have been added by a modern artist.

SATIRE IV.

Ver. 51. [How truly fair was bounteous Nature's plan!

I shall offer no apology for here deviating from the sense of my author ; and must request of the reader to bear with me through the next thirty verses, where I am not the translator of Persius.

SATIRE V.

Ver. 32. ——— totâque impune Suburrâ
Permisit sparsisse oculos jam candidus umbo.

The most ancient scholiasts upon Persius, thought that *umbo* in this passage was put *συνεδοχικως*, for *toga*. Casaubon has adopted this opinion ; and if he had executed his intention of writing *de re vestiaria*, would no doubt have treated this subject with his usual erudition. I have, however, preferred giving *umbo* its more

common signification of a shield, in which I have followed the example of Dryden and Holyday.

It does not clearly appear, what part of the *toga* was understood by the *umbo*. Tertullian (*de pallio*) mentions it. Ferrarius *de re vestiaria* shows it to be different from the *sinus*: but I am led to suspect, that both he and Rubenius build too much upon conjecture, in their opinions upon this and other parts of the Roman dress; Ferrarius however is the more accurate of the two.

The reader may see what Polybius has said concerning the armour of the Roman knights. As Persius was of the equestrian order, it is probable he was equipped in his martial dress as soon as he laid aside the pretexta. Tully was about the same age when he was entered a knight.

Ver. 179.

— At cum

*Herodis venere dies, unctâque fenestrâ
Dispositæ pinguem nebulam vomuere lucernæ
Portantes violas; rubrumque amplexa catinum
Cauda natat thynni; tumet alba fidelia vino:
Labra moves tacitus, recutitaque sabbata palles.*

I have thought myself obliged to alter this passage from the original. Persius, in throwing contempt upon the Jews, has expressed himself with as much obscurity, as when he censured the crimes, or laughed at the follies, of Nero.

Upon the first consideration of the above verses it does not appear, why the superstitious man waits for

the celebration of Herod's birthday, before he fasts at the sabbaths of the Jews. I can only conjecture, that that was the season when strangers were generally admitted at Rome within the pale of the temple. The Herodians, who probably alone of all the Jews observed this festival of Herod, were numerous at Rome. They had disobliged their countrymen by the support which they gave to Herod the Great, and by acceding to the payment of a tribute to Augustus.

It seems extraordinary that Persius should sneer at the Jews for lighting lamps at their festivals, as a similar practice was common to the Romans. The Jews, however, had certainly given offence at Rome upon that subject. *Accendere aliquem*, says Seneca in one of his epistles, *lucernas Sabbatis prohibeamus; quoniam*, adds he contemptuously, *nec lumine Dii egent, et ne homines quidem delectantur fuligine.*

Nothing, however, was more common at Rome, than the lighting of lamps at festivals. Even upon occasions of domestic rejoicing, the doors of the house were hung with laurels, and illuminated with lamps. Juvenal in a beautiful satire thus expresses himself,

——— *Longos erexit janua ramos,
Et matutinis operatur festa lucernis.*

It appears from Tertullian, that the Christians soon adopted this practice. He thus charges the alienated disciples of the faith. *Sed luceant, inquit (nempe Christus), opera vestra. At nunc lucent tabernæ et januæ nostra: plures jam invenies Ethnicorum fores sine lucernis et laureis quam Christianorum.*

The Jews probably took their custom of burning lamps at their feasts from the Egyptians. Herodotus L. II. tells us, there was an annual sacrifice at Sais known by the name of the feast of lamps. The Chinese have a similar festival at the present day.

We must not understand Persius in this place, to speak of the feast of lamps among the Jews. That festival was instituted by Judas, and was held annually on the twenty-fifth of the month Cisleu. See Josephus, and Picart des Cérémonies des Juifs.

Persius, as well as Suetonius, is mistaken in supposing that the Jews fasted on their sabbaths. The verb שָׁכַת, signifies *quievit*; the substantive derived from it (and which is the same in sound) signifies *quies*. The Jews on their sabbath abstained from labour, but they did not observe it as a fast: on the contrary, it appears that the עֶרֶב הַשַּׁבָּת sabbath eve was generally employed in preparing the feast of the succeeding day. They then lighted lamps, which burned during the day-time, which practice they still continue. Picart says he has seen "leur appartement très artistement illuminé, tandis que les rayons du soleil encore dorait le toit de la maison."

Through the whole of this passage, it is evident, Persius means to expose the meanness and poverty of the Jews. The *rubrum catinum*, the *alba fidelia*, the *cauda thynni*, all mark the wretchedness of the feast, at which the superstitious man assists.

Persius alludes in the words, *labra moves tacitus*, to the Jews repeating inwardly certain words and prayers.

Thus they never pronounce the name of יהוה Jehovah but upon occasions of extraordinary solemnity; and when at the commencement of the festival of *Cheipur*, the priest prays aloud from the *hechal*, the people repeat after him in a low voice that is scarcely audible.

The real meaning of the word *recutita* has been rightly guessed at by Stelluti and Holyday. A more modern translator has strangely rendered it *curtailed*.

“Strictly observant of the *curtail’d* race,

“Poor thou, with anguish brooding on thy face.”

But by what miracle did this translator account for the continuation of the curtailed race? I believe this question would have puzzled the whole Sanhedrim, if God, instead of ordering the males of his chosen people to be circumcised, had ordered them to be curtailed.

The severity which Persius displays in this passage, arose from a prejudice (if it was one) general among the Romans. The obstinacy, the treachery, and the intolerance of the Jews disgusted their conquerors. The usual lenity of the Cæsars towards the inhabitants of the provinces annexed to their empire, was necessarily violated towards the children of Israel; and in endeavouring to subdue their untractable spirit, Rome was provoked to acts of cruelty and oppression unexampled in her annals.

The rigid observance of their laws, as well as of the most minute ceremonies, rendered the Jews objects of derision to other nations, who considered them as the most ignorant and superstitious of mankind. But as the Roman arms gradually broke down the fence

which separated them from the rest of the world, their ancient institutions could not prevent the inundation of new opinions. Various sects suddenly sprang up, who disputed with all the subtlety of dialecticians. Philosophical questions, never before heard of within the walls of the synagogue, startled Superstition in her dotage. The children of the house of Aaron beheld with indignation the progress of Gentile doctrines, and denounced angry curses against those who neglected the laws of Israel, to teach the philosophy of Greece, **אָרוֹר אַדָּם שְׁלֹמֹה בְּנוֹ תַכְמֶה יוֹנִית**—Cursed be the man instructing his son in the wisdom of the Greeks.

In the age of Persius, the Jews were become better known to the Romans; but their new masters treated them only with contempt. The satirist, without doubt, thought the worst opprobrium he could throw upon the votary of superstition, was to represent him observing the rites and ceremonies of the Jews and Syrians. Little did he know, that in that same country of Judea, where he believed misanthropy reigned with error, bigotry, and ignorance, a system was already taught, whose morality was simpler and sublimer than his own; and whose pure, benevolent, and exalted principles, far eclipsed all the splendid precepts admired in the school of Zeno.

*Ver. 185. Tunc nigri lemures, ovoque pericula rupto:
Hinc grandes Galli, et cum sistro lusca sacerdos,
Incussere Deos inflantes corpora, si non
Prædictum ter mane caput gustaveris alli.*

The reader will probably smile at the translation Dryden has given of this passage.

“ Then a crack’d eggshell thy sick fancy frights,
 “ Besides the childish fear of walking sprites,
 “ Of o’ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid ;
 “ The timbrel, and the squintifego maid
 “ Of Isis awe thee:” &c.

Thesē priests were indeed what Dryden calls them. Herodian informs us how they received the appellation of *Galli*,—παλαι μὲν Φρυγες ὀργιάζον ἐπὶ τῷ πόδαμῳ Γαλλῷ πάρ’ ῥαρεόντι, from which, continues he, the τομιαί ιερομενοὶ received their surname: they were generally called at Rome by names more descriptive of their situation than *Galli*, such as, *evirati*, *abscissi*, *semi-viri*, &c. Lucian thus describes the ceremony of their inauguration. *Adolescens quicumque ad hoc paratus venit, abjectis vestibus, magna voce in medium progreditur, atque ensem distringit: accepto autem eo, continuo se ipsum secat, curritque per urbem, et ea quæ resecauit in manibus portat. In quamcunque autem domum hæc abjicit, ex ea, et vestem fæmineam, et ornamentum muliebrem accipit.*

These eunuchs were the priests not of Isis, but of Cybele or Cybebe, the goddess of the Phrygians. I have preferred giving her the latter name, as being more expressive. Κυβήβειν κυρίως τὸ ἐπὶ τὴν κεφαλὴν ῥίπτειν· ἴδεν καὶ τὴν μῆτέρα τῶν Θεῶν ἀπὸ τῆ ἐνθεσιασμῶν Κυβήβην λεγασιν. αἰσία γὰρ ἐνθεσιασμῶν τοῖς μύσαις γίνεσθαι.

The sistrum belonged equally to the Phrygian and Egyptian goddesses. Apuleius describes it as a brazen

timbrel—*cujus per angustam laminam in modum balthi recurvatam, trajecta media, parva virgula, crispante brachio, tergeminos ictus reddebant argutum sonum.*

Plutarch pretends, that the rods were expressive of the four elements,—why not the four cardinal points, or the four seasons? This is an ill-founded conjecture. Besides the sistrum had sometimes only three rods.

SATIRE VI.

Ver. 32. ——— *ne pictus oberret*

Cærulea in tabula. ———

Sailors escaped from shipwreck, were wont to carry about with them a picture descriptive of their misfortune. This was painted of a blue colour. See Casaubon.

Ver. 79. ——— *Depinge ubi sistam*

Inventus, Chrysippe, tui finitor acervi.

In the preceding satire, it may have been observed, that I have rendered *fruge Cleanthea* literally *Cleanthean corn*. This may appear obscure, and it may be thought, that I might have said better with Dryden, *Stoic institutes*, or even with Brewster, *Stoic seed*. But it appeared to me, that Persius probably had some reason for expressing himself as he did, and I am confirmed in this opinion by the words above quoted.

After Zeno, Cleanthes and Chrysippus were the most distinguished teachers among the Stoics. Cleanthes appears to have followed pretty closely the steps

of his master Zeno ; but Chrysippus has in many things differed from both. Hence the Stoics were not thoroughly agreed amongst themselves ; some following Cleanthes, and others Chrysippus. Persius, both by his using the expression *fruge Cleanthea* in the fifth satire, and by this sarcasm against Chrysippus in the sixth, seems desirous to mark whom of the two philosophers he preferred.

1. The first point concerning which Cleanthes and Chrysippus differed, was with respect to perception. The former thought, that sensible impressions were made upon the brain, and that the objects of its contemplation were actually imprinted upon it. This opinion is not very dissimilar to those of Democritus, Leucippus, and Aristotle. It was, however, justly controverted by Chrysippus. The doctrine of material images floating betwixt mind and matter, and of the sensible species of things leaving impressions upon the brain, is one of the most vulnerable parts, either of the Epicurean, or of the Aristotelian philosophy.

2. The next question, upon which these two philosophers disagreed, was, whether or not virtue could be lost, after having been once acquired. Cleanthes maintained that it could not, Chrysippus that it could. If human virtue were perfect virtue, I should think with Cleanthes.

3. The tendency of the Stoics to materialism, did not prevent them from asserting, that the world had a mind which guided, and a providence which protected it. Chrysippus maintained that providence

existed in the æther, and Cleanthes that it resided in the sun. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*

The reader may find other subjects of difference in the precepts of these celebrated Stoics, by consulting Diogenes Laertius, and Stobæus among the ancients, and Stanley and Bruckerus among the moderns. Referring him to these authors, I forbear dwelling any longer upon this subject, or swelling these notes to a greater size.

————— *Depinge ubi sistam*
Inventus, Chrysippe, tui finitor acervi.



